

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

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VOL. II.

MR. FITZWILLIAM.

"In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy his natural road to fame,
I cannot call it by a meaner name."

CHURCHILL.

"This florid constitution renders him entertaining to others, and easy to himself; turning all passion into gaiety of humour, by which he chooses rather to rejoice with his friends than be hated by any."

FARQUHAR.

THE Theatrical progress of this gentleman, (like most others) presents us with but few remarkable incidents: indeed the mind that grows up amidst the bustle of a Theatre, and the character that is framed by the similarity of busi-

ness and study, belong, in a great degree, to a world of their own, from which the passions, and events, of ordinary life, are equally excluded.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM is, we believe, a native of the "*Emerald Isle*," but of his childish days we know nothing. He "*smelt the lamp*" pretty early, at Southend, under the management of Mr. TROTTER; He next went the circuit of Messrs. HARLEY and OXBERRY at Watford, Sheerness, Hythe, and Worthing. When the Regency Theatre was opened by Mr. PAUL, Mr. FITZWILLIAM joined the company, and made his first bow to a London audience. Here he considerably distinguished himself, and was particularly applauded for his *Hodge*, in "*Love in a Village*," and his *Paris*, in the "*Golden Pippin*." After this he accompanied Mr. ELLISTON in his first managerial experiment to Birmingham, in which town he soon became a decided favourite. He has since occasionally played there, and always with the highest approbation. When the same manager became proprietor of the Surrey, FITZWILLIAM followed him thither, and was introduced in the admirable Farce of the "*Three and the Deuce*;" playing *Humphrey Grizzle*, to ELLISTON's never-to-be-forgotten personation of the three *Single's*. He again attended that gentleman's footsteps to the Olympic Theatre, where he performed a wide circle of characters. Our recollection serves us, as being particularly pleased with him in a speaking pantomime entituled "*Harlequin Fag, and Harlequin Mag*;" in which he played *Harlequin Mag*—a broad Irish boy, in wooden shoes, a little round hat, and with hay-bands twisted round his ancles. *Harlequin Fag*, was his deputy, made the leaps, and finally stole his mistress. The whole piece was very laughable in its way, and would not prove unsuccessful if it were revived. When the Surrey passed into the hands of Mr. DIBDIN, he immediately engaged Mr. FITZWILLIAM,—and here to attempt enumerating the characters in which he has distinguished himself would be an hopeless task; the extensive variety of agreeable little pieces produced by Mr. DIBDIN, has afforded him numberless situations for the display of those talents the public have so well appreciated.—Indeed, he was considered by Mr. D. as a "tower of strength," and was justly reckoned by him as one of the principal attrac-

tions of his theatre. A few of his performances approaching nearest to the regular Drama, we may perhaps be allowed to mention;—these are *Spado*, in the “*Castle of Andalusia*.”—*Nicholas Blount*, in “*Kenilworth*.”—*Dumbdikes*, in the “*Heart of Mid Lothian*.”—*Leporello*, in “*Don Giovanni*.”—*Sancho*, in “*Lovers’ Quarrels*.”—*Dalgetty*, in the “*Legend of Montrose*.”—*Mathew*, in “*Scanderbeg*.”—*Humphrey Clinker*, in the piece of that name: *Lubin*, in the “*Quaker*.”—*Figaro*, in “*The Marriage of Figaro*.” In the whole of these his success was truly eminent, and they may be considered as among the most delightful *morceaux* of comic acting. On the 10th of November last, he made his *debut* on the patent boards successfully in the character of *O’Rourke O’Daisy*, in “*Hit or Miss*;” but we think it would have been much better for him to have remained in his old quarters, than have entered a sphere where his brilliancy seems totally eclipsed; for since the commencement of his engagement, we believe he has appeared but in four paltry characters, *O’Rourke*, *Hecate*, *Padreen Gar*, and *Looney M’Twolter*. The meaning of this we will not take upon ourselves to develope, but we must observe it is going the contrary way, to support his previous high reputation; with whom the fault lies, it is impossible for us to say, but it certainly cannot be with the actor, and one would scarcely think the manager can be so blind to his own interest, as to keep a decided favourite like Mr. FITZWILLIAM so strangely behind his brother actors. It must be allowed that he is possessed of every requisite for an actor of the first class: his person is pleasing, and of excellent *comic* dimensions; his style easy and humourous; his voice melodious and articulate; and his singing is the best in its line now to be heard, with the exception perhaps of Mr. FAWCETT’S and Mr. HARLEY’S; neither of whom possess so much sweetness. Of the character of *Looney M’Twolter*, it has been observed that it is drawn with the strongest drollery by its author, and since the time of the celebrated “*Irish*” JOHNSTONE, no one has represented the hay-maker with such true fidelity to nature as Mr. FITZWILLIAM. His grin of self-introduction when he comes to Mr. *Deputy Bull* after a place in his kitchen, his insolent familiarity, of which he seems utterly unconscious, the air of serious se-

cresy with which he advises the old gentleman not to hire a man who is just announced, and his triumphant contempt of the deputy and his new servant when he is dismissed, almost convulse the audience with a succession of caricature, of which he may fairly share half the praise with the author.

We are unacquainted with the cabals of a theatre behind the curtain, neither do we wish to be at all released from this blessed state of "*happy ignorance*"—but we cannot conclude this brief article without expressing our sincere regret at those circumstances, which keep this excellent actor from the admiring gaze of the public ; and we would really advise him, that, if he finds no likelihoods of more frequently coming forward, to throw up his engagements altogether, and pay his devoirs at some humbler shrine, where his abilities will be more frequently seen, and far more duly appreciated.

THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. IX.

THE ADULTRESS.

A Scene from a M.S. Drama, in Three Acts.

BY J. W. DALBY.

SCENE.—*The Chamber of Louise Manuel.*

LOUISE, (*Alone.*)

How dark my fate ! deep as I am in guilt,
Sad fears of horrors yet impending o'er me,
Force me almost to mourn that I have not
Plung'd deeper, in this horrid gulph of crime.
Yes, I almost regret that I resolv'd
Not to depart at once to infamy,
And yield to Beaumont's counsel !—Can there be
Degrees in guilt like mine ?—As if to stay

Amid my children this polluted thing—
To *grace* my husband's board, and there receive
Honour and reverence, the proper dues
Of honest, virtuous, and happy wives,
While my too conscious soul shrinks from them all,—
But worst of all—to share his heart and bed—
Is this not misery?—Is this not worse
Than leaving pure things that I thus defile,
And living wholly with my paramour?
I'll fly to Beaumont, and thus make these sins
All mingle in one necessary crime!
Else ever in the agony of guilt,
Trembling at every sound and every tone,
Must I drag on a dark and phrenzied life;
To be at last detected, and await
The sentence which an injur'd husband's rage
Will pass upon his false and wretched wife.
Is this not agony?—but worse than this—
A greater grief—a more o'erwhelming woe—
When Manuel——

Enter MARIE.

Dear Marie, I am glad
To see you here.

Marie. I have made painful haste.

Louise. Is Manuel gone?

Marie. He is not; my Louise,
Hither with anxious thought and fear I came
To know the issue of your last night's meeting.

Louise. Know you aught of it then?

Marie. I do not; but this morn,
While I was with your children, Manuel came
Among them; in his pallid countenance
I trac'd a settled sorrow; in his eye
Beam'd madness, disappointment, rage, despair!
He gaz'd upon the infants—as he gaz'd
I saw his features alter, and I saw
The father's tear steal down his hectic cheek,
And wildly heav'd the fond parental heart.
He kiss'd them all, but left his favourite girl
Until the last; poor Julie griev'd at this,
Pouted and said, “Why even mother would

Have kiss'd me before now, altho' I know
 She loves me least"—he heard the jealous girl,
 Lifted her in his arms, and straining her
 To his torn heart, he cried, " my innocent child
 Thou hast no mother !"—he then left the room.

Louise. Thy words are daggers—each of them inflicts
 A thousand deaths upon me—all deserv'd !—

Marie. And all this time he saw me not, or else
 Disdain'd to speak ;—from this sad scene I drew
 My fears that your dishonour was made known.

Louise. Marie, this bosom quails with kindred dread.

Marie. Slept he from home last night ?

Louise. He did, but oft
 Ere now some overwhelming occupation
 Has task'd his night hours—to such cause as this
 His recent absence I attributed—
 But, oh, far other thoughts disturb me now !

Marie. You have not told me how your meeting sped,
 But your eye tells me 'twas unhappily.

Louise. I need not say I found the dear seducer—
 He urg'd me long as is his usual wont
 To quit my home and husband—I refus'd.—
 With rudeness that in him was more than cruel,
 He scoff'd at my refusal, and insisted
 On prompt obedience ; while we parley'd thus,
 Struggling to 'scape his hold, and turning from him,
 Upon the garden-turret I beheld
 My husband and another—wild with fear
 I would have flown from Beaumont then, but he
 By this discovery made more resolute,
 Oppos'd the effort—all my senses fled,
 Nor know I aught that afterwards occur'd—
 Till rous'd to life and sorrow I perceiv'd
 That I was here and Philip, by my side.

Marie. Philip ?

Louise. Yes, it was Philip ; and when I
 Forgot the mistress, finding that he knew me,
 The shamed ADULTRE-S, and with sinking heart
 And humbled tone inquir'd if Manuel knew
 Aught of the past ; he answer'd, and I mark'd
 That tears were in his eyes when he replied,

"Madam, my master does not know of aught
This fatal night has seen!"—I knelt and pray'd
That he would not divulge the dreadful tale—
He said, "*he would not*," and abruptly left me.

Marie. And if he did not, how may Manuel
Have learnt his own misfortune and your crime?

Louise. I think that he would not deceive me—hark!
Some one comes hither—it is Manuel!—

Enter MANUEL.

Manuel. Marie, the loving husband if it please you
Would whisper in his faithful lady's ear
A few fond words—

Marie. Sir, I will leave ye then.

Manuel. No—no; you need not leave us;—cannot we
Being wedded, love each other lawfully?
That which is legal, fears no witnesses,
And wedded love is not high treason yet,
Tho' oft a thriftless folly.

Louise. What mean you,
Dearest?—You look as if untoward things
Had irk'd you.

Manuel. You are right, and yet they are
Such every-day occurrences that 'tis
An idiot's weakness to be mov'd by them!

(Walks about in wildness and disorder.)

Marie. Mark how the struggling passion of his soul
Disturbs his face, and flashes from his eye!

Louise. I never look'd on him with fear till now—
And now each look alarms me!—

Manuel. *(Addressing Louise.)* Sweet, I will
If Marie can be secret (these things should
Not go forth to the world since we are not
United now!) hush, no words—I will play,
(If Marie will not tell of us) with these
Delicious locks of yours, and I will kiss
These cheeks so pale—sweet! are they pale with thought?
Thy lips I'll kiss, too, though the blood be fled
That made them coral-like; and these fine eyes
Swollen with weeping, I will chace the tears
That dim them!—Oh, this is exquisite sport,
These charms being all another's!—

Louise. They are yours—

Manuel. 'Tis false! they are not mine! no human art
Can force the owner of such charms to give
Their light to *one* alone;—it were unkind,
And weak, and selfish to hope otherwise!

Louise. Oh, Manuel, these words are harsh and strange.

Manuel. Yet, madam, there are things *more* harsh and
strange,
Of which I mean to speak anon—not now—
You have borne me children—they are fine ones too,
And I will love them tho' their mother cease
To love both them and me.

Louise. Oh, that she never,
Never can cease to do!—

Manuel. You have vow'd also
At the holy altar to be mine alone,
And mine for ever—'twas a foolish oath,
And all was absurd form!—these things should not
Be sworn to—and indeed 'tis not your fault
Altho' you love a thousand.—

Louise. Manuel,
Again I ask what mean you? these your words
Are wrapt in darkness and in mystery.

Manuel. At your affected wonder I must smile,
Altho' I never thought to smile again;—
To you it is no mystery—to me
Such it has been too long—that happy time—
That summer's day of confidence and love
Is past and o'er!—that bosom which I thought
Exceeded heav'n in light and loveliness,
Is dark as hell!—that voice whose lov'd tones seem'd
Never to breathe of aught but love and truth,
Hath learnt to utter vile unseemly vows,
And to exchange unhallow'd protestations
With one, who mocks the heart he leads astray;—
That soul whose purity I deem'd—no matter—
Why should I talk thus idly? all is o'er!—
But I forgot—I have a deed to do
That asks some preparation—Fare ye well!—
Marie! remember—keep our secret close!

May 21, 1822.

[*Exit Manuel.*]

LOGIC, TOM, AND JERRY.

MR. DRAMA,

AMID the festivities of our theatres at this season of the year, I observe with regret, four several versions of "*Logic, Tom, and Jerry.*"

This obscene and contemptible production has been already received by at least two hundred distinct London audiences with most "unqualified" approbation, and it is no unimportant proof of the depravity of the public taste and morals, that it has been deemed worthy a repetition upon so extensive a scale.—"Shoot folly as it flies" says the Poet; yet if *Life in London* is designed as a check upon our vices, candour must decidedly pronounce it a failure.

There is a circumstance connected with this exhibition that has excited considerable surprize;—at neither of our patent theatres have we been gratified by its production.—"Oh, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"—From what has it arisen?—Perhaps our sage managers have observed a certain want of proper gentlemanlike feeling, of grandeur and of dignity in the composition, a mixture of absurdity and flash, not quite consistent with the true end and respectability of the stage—or perhaps—but no—the fact, I believe, is, a piece of the above description was refused by the managers of Covent Garden, not as a production unfit for their theatre, *but because it had been already represented at so many of the Minor Theatres.* Thus it seems, sir, that this splendid dome, to ennoble which the YOUNGS and KEMBLEs of our age have studied so assiduously, adorning it with every charm that taste and learning can bestow, has become (if you will allow me the metaphor) but "as a cistern for foul toads to knot and gender in!"—a receptacle for every species of Melodrame and Buffoonery.

True it is that we are occasionally indulged with the warm glow of SHAKSPEARE's fancy, and a few animating sparks from living genius; yet must it be accorded, that our theatres teem for the most part, with "nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise." And it is doubtless

this circumstance, that restrains many of our living Bards from writing for the Stage ; indeed, it may be asked " Who would soar the solar height," when pageantries and gewgaws are alone attractive ?—Who would risk their fame and feelings on the Stage, when our Minor Theatres are nightly thronged, by means of the lucubrations of Mr. EGAN, an author enjoying as great a share of popularity as LORD BYRON himself, but whose writings have, perhaps, less of sublimity than those of that " Master spirit of the age," as he is elegantly designated by your able correspondent Mr. DALBY.

Let us hope, sir, that the commencement of the new season will form a new æra in the Theatrical world, and that our Managers will see the necessity of exchanging their present system for one more conducive to their own ulterior advantage, and the advancement of Dramatic Representation.

I am, Sir, &c.

Chelsea Common.

J. L. B.

SHAKSPEARE, &c.

MR. DRAMA,

You can be no stranger to the " grubbing research" employed to illustrate the life of SHAKSPEARE with something new, that is to say, to the loss of time without producing any advantage. The biography of a deer-stealer is of necessity meagre ; but his editors, finding themselves in want of circumstance, have endeavoured to present the world with a history of the Poet's mind, assuming that SHAKSPEARE wrote, thought, alluded, and meant, precisely what their fancy suggests. Not wishing to increase this lumber, yet unable to add any thing to the life of the bard, I offer a few passages culled from the "*King's Pamphlets*" and other sources towards forming some idea of the opinion which the succeeding generation held of our Great Dramatist.

The editor of the "*Mercurius Britannicus*" speaking of his antagonist *Aulicus*, has the following passage, which I think really valuable, as it embraces so many authors all of the same class with SHAKSPEARE.

"His braines have been wonderfully blasted of late and plannet strucke, and he is not now able to provoke the meanest christian to laughter, but lies in a paire of *foule sheetes*, a wofull spectacle and object of dullnesse and tribulation, not to be recovered by the Protestant or *Catholique liquor*, either ale or strong beer, or sack, or claret, or Hippocras, or Muscadine, or Rosa Solis, which has been reputed formerly by his grandfather BEN JONSON, and his uncle SHAKSPEARE, and his couzen germaines FLETCHER, and BEAUMONT, and noselesse D'AVENANT, and FRIER SHERLEY the Poets, the onely blossoms for the braine, the restoratives for the wit, the bathing for the nine muses; but none of these are now able either to warme him into a quibble, or to inflame him into a sparkle of invention, and all this because he hath profaned the sabbath by his pen."

Did the writer think he was dishonouring *Aulicus* by the association?

The same Journalist, alluding to a relation of the inhuman treatment of a Clergyman, near Wantage, by HASELRIGGE, exclaims,

"He (*Aulicus*) says he barbarously cut his bookes into pieces: those were only some *Lady Psalters*, and COSINS'S *Devotions*, and POCKINGTON'S *Altar*, and SHELFORD'S *Sermons*, and SHAKSPEARES *Workes*, and such prelattical trash as your Clergymen spend their canonically houres on."

This sentence is not very dissimilar to the remarks of a writer in a former vol. of the "*Eclectic Review*," and shews in what abhorrence the simple name of SHAKSPEARE was held by the puritans and their panegyrist. — That his plays were not approved of by way of reading we learn from COWLEY, who, satirizing a semi-gentleman of Westminster Hall, wishes that he may

"Be by his father in his study took
At SHAKSPEARE'S plays, instead of my Lord COKE."

The later editors have uniformly ill treated BEN JONSON for his "malignant wish" with respect to the dramatist's emendations; but let us hear his own words.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to SHAKSPEARE, that in his writing (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out [a] line. My answer hath

beene, would hee had blotted a thousand ! which they have thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candour (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature ; had an excellent *phantsie*, brave notions, and gentle expressions ; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus* erat ; as AUGUSTUS said of HARTERIUS. His wit was in his own power ; would the rule of it had beene so too ! many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter ; as when he said in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him, "*Cæsar*, thou dost me wrong," hee replied ; "*Cæsar* did never wrong but with just cause ;" and such like which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be praysed, than to be pardoned."

JONSON paid SHAKSPEARE more real honour than any of his editorial commentators.

We have "*Testimonia Veterum*" in mention of the ancients, and why not apply the practice to the moderns ? WARBURTON has preserved an amusing *cento* of characters of DRYDEN and POPE, from the abuse of their cotemporaries, after which period, the subject would become interesting. Of the earlier writers, however, it is pleasing to see the opinions (however candid or biassed) of the times, and would prove highly useful, were it brought to any completion.

Should these few unconnected notices of SHAKSPEARE meet the eye of your well informed readers, I trust they will not neglect the hints I have thrown out in this letter.

And am, Sir, Yours, &c.

Lambeth.

GLANVILLE.

P. S. In a former No. of the "SHAKSPERIANA" is an anecdote of SHAKSPEARE and JONSON, with the expression "I'll give him a dozen *Latin spoones*, and thou shalt translate them." Can you, Mr. Drama, or the author of the "SHAKSPEARIANA" expound this (to me) knotty passage ?

"HAMLET."

MR. DRAMA,

May I beg your insertion of the following illustration of a passage in this play in the next number of your truly valuable work, and you will much oblige your well wisher and subscriber,

G. S. E.

"That thou, *dead corse*, again in *complete steel*."

MR. STEEVENS, from OLAUS WORMIUS, proves it to be a custom of the Danish Kings to be buried in their armour.

SEWARD, Earl of Northumberland, who lived in the days of EDWARD the Confessor, was, by his desire, buried, armed at all points. But what is more strange, FULLER, in his *Worthies*, relates, that one of our old savage warriors would go to bed, dressed in his armour, to his new-married bride!

OTWAY'S "VENICE PRESERVED."

MR. DRAMA,

A writer in a Magazine, published in 1813, makes the following observation on a passage of OTWAY'S "*Venice Preserved*."

"In all the editions of OTWAY'S Works, which I have seen, a passage has been uniformly printed in *prose*, which, in my opinion, ought to be arranged in *verse*. It occurs in this play, Act 3d Sc. 1st, in one of the speeches of ANTONIO the Senator.

"*Ant.* Why, I can make speeches to thee too, my lovely Madona; for example —my cruel fair one, (*Takes out a purse of gold, and at every pause shakes it.*) since it is my fate, that you should with your servant angry prove; though late at night—I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain reception for my love."

I think the burlesque would appear stronger if printed thus:

"*Ant.* Why, I can make speeches to thee

Too, my lovely Madona ; for example ;
 My cruel fair one, since it is my fate,
 That you should with your servant angry prove ;
 Though late at night—I hope 'tis not too late,
 With this to gain reception for my love."—
(Takes out a purse of gold, and at every pause shakes it.)

I am,

Your Correspondent, &c.

May 1st, 1822.

TITUS.

THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

No. V.

BY J. W. DALBY.

BRIEF NOTICE OF HENRY JONES.

HENRY JONES was born at Drogheda, and was *by profession* an Irish Bricklayer, but feeling and indulging a taste for books, he devoted every hour he could snatch from labour, to the improvement of his mind.

He went on for some time unheard-of and unknown, but at length accidentally attracted notice, and became patronised by the Lord Lieutenant, at that time the EARL of CHESTERFIELD, (1) whom he accompanied on his return to England, and by whom he was so strenuously and perseveringly recommended to the Managers of Covent Garden Theatre, that they accepted his "*Earl of Essex*," which met with some applause, though the same subject had been treated upon by BANKS, by RALPH, and by Mr. BROOKS, the author of "*Gustavus Vasa*," all of them, (and particularly the last mentioned) writers of some genius and ability.

By this pathetic piece, (2) and some poems which were

(1) This nobleman patronised him, long after his profligacy had made him unworthy of all assistance. At last he borrowed eight guineas of his lordship's servant, and never ventured to revisit the house. EDIT.

(2) The success of this tragedy, procured him a footing

published by subscription, Mr. JONES increased in fame, and felt also an acceptable increase in pocket. It was, however, too soon discovered that he who had struggled, and successfully struggled with adversity from his childhood ; who amidst poverty, toil, and ignorance, had elevated himself to patronage and approbation ; that the same man could not endure the sun-shine of prosperity.

He became careless, profligate, and unwarrantably hasty in his temper ; he expended in thoughtless extravagance, what the labour of his mind had produced him ; he offended those of his friends who had first raised and were still not unwilling or unable to assist him ; finally, after being drunk two days, he was found on the night of the third crushed by a waggon in Saint Martin's Lane, without his hat or coat ; he was carried to the parish workhouse, and there terminated a disgraceful life, in the year 1770, in the lowest state of want and misery. (1)

in the theatre, which enabled him to levy contributions upon the players, by writing puffs and praising them in verse. His poetry was also of use to him in the spunging house, where he was a very frequent guest, and he generally contrived to make the wife or daughter of the bailiff his friend by praising her in rhyme. He used to boast, that he had thus prevailed on a bailiff's daughter to let him escape, and that another time, he had actually borrowed two guineas of the bailiff, who had him in custody for a debt of ten pounds. The talents of this man, if they could not preserve him from distress, undoubtedly assisted him in it, for he wrote petitions for his fellow prisoners, assisted at the tap, and was sometimes trusted to keep the inner door. EDIT.

(1) The "*Earl of Essex*" is his best known performance ; he left a tragedy upon the story of HAROLD, which is lost, and a fragment of another called "*The Cave of Idra*," which was finished and brought forth by PAUL HIFFERNAN. His papers fell into the hands of REDDISH, who volunteered as executor, but REDDISH was at first negligent, and afterwards deranged, so that they never were produced. EDIT.

ALEXANDER HARDY.

M. HARDY was an author who *flourished* in the seventeenth century, shedding upon France, his native country, the *glories* of a muse prolific and copious almost beyond the powers of belief of the most credulous. It has been said that he was often heard to declare, with a deal of pompous self-sufficiency, that he was author of *seven hundred* pieces. On one occasion, when he was making this foolish and unbecoming boast, a critic, to whom his productions were but too well known, replied "Sir, those who see your plays, do not wonder that you write so fast, and those who read them heartily, wish you had never written at all."

It is not impossible that such attacks as the above, which were not unfrequent, might at length have restrained or checked the propensity to write, which influenced our hero ; but, unfortunately, his circumstances would not allow of his giving up the only means he possessed of procuring subsistence for himself and family. He continued for several years writing *two thousand lines a day*, for a salary little better than that of a journeyman tailor, in consequence of an agreement with a certain company, whom he undertook to furnish with all they wanted.

Fortunately for the libraries of those who possess the works of HARDY, as well as luckily for his own fame, only forty or fifty of all his dramatic host remain ; nor can it be said that a perusal of these occasions any regret for the loss of their departed companions.

He would frequently reply to those who censured his plays ; "what faults so ever my dramas may possess, it cannot be denied that they are just pictures of human life."

Grossly violating manners and decorum, he fairly put his characters to bed ; the death of ACHILLES, or a tradesman's wife, caught by her husband with another man, afforded alike to HARDY subjects for tragedy.

In one of his pieces the curtain draws up and discovers a *fille de joie* sleeping in her bed ; the plot turns on the entrance of two of her admirers, who quarrel for the prize ; they retire to settle the point, as such matters generally are settled, and a third, more happy, creeping from beneath the

bed, carries off this second HELEN. In one particular, the plays of HARDY may be said to bear a near resemblance to life; they turn on quarrelling and kissing; as BUTLER observes in his Hudibras:

“He swore the world, as he could prove,
Is made of fighting and of love.”

In one of his performances, a princess is married in the first act; her son, the hero, is born in the second; educated in the third; a conqueror and an outrageous lover in the fourth; and finally, married in the fifth act.

This, it may be said, is *all* life; for, do we not every day see weddings, where the lady is a bride and a mother within the space of eight and forty hours.

A gentleman of Paris, who fancied that with all the absurd improprieties of HARDY, he could perceive occasional sparks of genius, on a certain occasion, visited this dramatic writer, with the intention of advising him, NOT TO WRITE SO MUCH.

Inquiring of his play-house friends where HARDY lived, this friendly critic was directed to a mean lodging in the obscurest part of the city. Almost breathless with climbing, he at last found the dramatist in the *attic* story, busily engaged in his occupation, before a fire, on which a morsel of *bouillé* was preparing; he was rocking the cradle with his foot, and writing on a box, set on its end; dressed only in a loose coat, and the shirt which he *ought* to have had on, his wife was washing, in a corner of the room.

The critic, disarmed by a sight very different from that which disarmed the angry lover of our poet PRIOR, (1) forgot every word that he intended to have said; excused himself by pretending that he had mistaken the name, and dropping a purse of Louis-d'or's on the floor, he hurried down stairs.

Had he entered on the subject, and given the intended advice, it would in all probability have been useless; it was the misfortune of HARDY, as it always is a misfortune, to write for bread; and in reply to the salutary admonition of his benevolent visitor, he might have said: “*Bien obligé, Monsieur, mais il faut vivre.*”—“Many thanks for your kindness, sir, but I cannot live without eating.”—

May 1, 1822.

J. W. DALBY.

(1) ‘A rose bud in a lady’s neck.’

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN COMEDY.

A lover, coquette, and a beau,
 A father that's miserly bent,
 With double entendres a few,
 Will give the true drama cement.
 To these, if you're wise, you will add
 A fellow, to trick, lie, and cheat ;
 The better to manage old dad,
 And close with a marriage complete.
 A song or a dance introduce ;
 I've known it a substitute good,
 Where wit has been short of its use,
 And sentiment scarce understood.

April 5, 1822.

PHILO KEAN.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

" Trivial, fond records."

Hamlet.

93.—STAGE CUSTOMS.

The practise of sending forward one of the actors at the termination of the play, to announce the next day's performance, appears to be cœval with the existence of theatres. Annexed to the commendatory verses prefixed to the folio edition of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, are some lines by the stationer commencing thus :

" As after th' epilogue there comes some one,
 To tell spectators what shall next be shown,
 So, here am I."

94.—COUNTRY THEATRES.

We have no satisfactory history of the rise and progress of provincial theatricals. It may be presumed that two centuries since there was scarcely such a thing as a play-

house out of London. PRYNNE says "There are many nations in the world, that never knew what stage playea meant; yea, there are sundry shires, and citties in our kingdome, where players (who for the most part harbour about London, *where only, they have constant standing playhouses*) never come to make them sport; and yet they never complaine for want of pleasures or these unnecessary stage delights: the most, the best of men, live happily, live comfortably without them; yea, farre more pleasantly than those who most frequent them."

95.—A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

In an advertisement announcing the appearance of KEMBLE and LEWIS at Dublin, in *Leon*, and the *Copper Captain*, some years ago, there was the following passage: "They never before performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability* they never will again; this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *climax*. He has constantly gone *higher and higher* in his *endeavours* to delight the public; *beyond this it is not in nature to go.*"

96.—THE FARCE OF THE WORLD.

The world is a theatre, mankind are the comedians, chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts; theologists and politicians govern the machines; and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and time draws the curtain. The title of the piece is *Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur*, "If the world will be deceived, let it be so." The opening of the farce begins with sighs and tears; the first act abounds with the chimerical projects of men; the frantic testify their applause with re-echoed *bravoes*, whilst the sagacious bring their catcalls into play to damn the performance. At going in, a sort of money is paid called *trouble*, and in exchange a ticket is given, subscribed *uneasiness*, in order to obtain a place. The

variety of objects which appear, for a short time divert the spectators ; but the unravelling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill concerted, force the risible muscles of the philosophers. We see giants who presently become pigmies, and dwarfs who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. There we see men exerting all their efforts in the pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are nevertheless circumvented in all their pursuits, and frustrated in all their endeavours ; whilst here we observe a group of indolent, careless fellows, who attain the highest summit of mundane felicity. Such is the farce of this world, and he who would choose to divert himself with it at his leisure, should take his place in some obscure corner, where he may, unobserved, be a spectator of the whole performance, and in safety laugh at it as it deserves.

97.—A QUOTATION.

Under a print of a church warden's feast, with the minister of the parish, seated at the head of the table, habited in his canonicals, and armed with a most tremendous carving knife carving a haunch of venison, was the following motto from "*Richard III.*"

"For this among the rest was I *ordained.*"

98.—MR. SHERIDAN TO HIS FIRST WIFE.

The following lines are the genuine production of the lamented SHERIDAN. They were addressed to his first lady then Miss LINLEY, shortly before their union :—

"Mark'd you her eyes of heavenly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue !
That *eye* in liquid circles moving,
That *cheek* abash'd at man's approving ;
The one love's arrow darting round,—
The other *blushing* at the wound."

99.—"COURAGEOUS TURK."

A tragedy of this name by THOMAS GOFF, was played by

the students at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1632. Compared with the ranting absurdities of this piece, the tragedies of LEE are sober declamations. The hero on the appearance of a comet addresses the following question to the stars.

—————"How now ye heavens! grow you
 "So proud, that you must needs put on curl'd locks,
 "And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?"

—————
 100.—AN OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

When GENERAL BURGOYNE was once at a play, which was *most miserably enacted* at a barn in Lancashire, he called one of the performers and asked the name of the piece. "*The Stage Coach*, sir," replied Buskin. "Well, then," replied the general "you will oblige me by giving me early notice the next time it is performed, that I may be *an outside passenger*."

—————
 101.—MR. CORY,

Formerly of Covent Garden Theatre, being one evening in the boxes at Drury Lane, was much annoyed by the stupid observations and noisy attempts at humour, of a gentleman who sat behind him. "Why you measure out your wit wholesale," said a companion to the would-be joker: "True, (observed CORY) the gentleman measures his wit as, in the East, they do Rupees, by the *lack*."

—————
 102.—ADMITTANCE BEHIND THE SCENES.

The custom of admitting strangers behind the scenes appears to have been abolished by Queen ANNE. In "*A letter in answer to some queries relating to the stage*," p. 20, published during her reign, it appears, that her Majesty was pleased to send a strict and solemn order, prohibiting whatever was offensive on the stage, and all other disorders and ill customs: such as admitting vizard masks, and gentlemen's going behind the scenes, &c. which order, according to royal direction, was read before the audience; and after, both the order and the actor who read it, were hissed off the stage.

103.—METHODISTS AND PLAYERS.

Nothing perhaps, can exceed the inveterate hatred, which the *methodists* entertain for theatrical representations. They let no opportunity slip, of venting their spleen, on players of every description, and such of them as are affected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, do not hesitate to quote passages from scripture, and from plays, the real meaning of which they grossly pervert, to suit their purpose. The *players* also, it must be confessed, are not backward in shewing these gentlemen in their true colours. "*The Stage Beaux Toss'd in a Blanket*," has a prologue calculated to scourge all pretenders to religion. The speaker of it was dressed in a curious habit, one half of which represented a minister of the church, and the other a dissenting teacher. BEDFORD exclaims vehemently against the said prologue, and says "the actor sometimes pointed to one side of his dress, and sometimes to the other, representing both as the greatest villains in nature."

Lambeth, May 2d, 1822.

GLANVILLE.

"BODKIN."

MR. DRAMA,

YOUR correspondent G. CREED, in his remarks on my illustration of the word "Bodkin," has been polite enough to finish the quotation from Mr. STEEVENS. I can only say, I had quoted sufficient, to make it appear plain to any person, that the meaning of SHAKSPEARE in using the word, was, a small dagger.

The subject is a very interesting one, and I beg leave to differ from Mr. CREED's new reading. The celebrated soliloquy, (from whence the passage is extracted) "burst from a man distracted, (says Dr. JOHNSON) with contrariety of desire, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes—it is connected rather in his mind than on his tongue. He first says—*To live, or to put an end to my life*, that is the question—and then he reasons in the manner in which he should answer it. *Is it more suitable to the dignity of reason to suffer the outrages of fortune patiently, or*

to take arms(1) against them, and by opposing, end them, though perhaps with the loss of life.

If to die,(2) were to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were devoutly to be wished for; but if to sleep in death, be to dream, we must pause to consider, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come.

This consideration makes calamity so long endured; for who would bear the vexations of life, which might be ended by a bare bodkin, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity.(3) Fear, by turning the mind upon this regard—chills the ardour of resolution—checks the vigour of enterprize—and makes the current of desire, stagnate in inactivity. When Hamlet had reasoned thus far, he observed Ophelia, or he would undoubtedly applied these general observations to his own case." JOHNSTON.

Now, I will beg leave to show why I differ from Mr. CREED.—SHAKSPEARE makes Hamlet lament, in Act I, line 322, that the Almighty had fixed his canon against self slaughter—that (God's prohibition) appearing to be his only reason for not committing suicide—and in Act III, he enumerates the vexations of life, and ends, by inquiring who would bear them, when a bodkin would send him relief

(1) SHAKSPEARE resembles ÆSCHYLUS in the sudden breaks of his metaphors. Should we not read *seige*, instead of *sea* of troubles? So says the Prometheus Vinc-tus of ÆSCHYLUS, v. 885.—“ My confused words strike at random against a sea of troubles, or the waves of misery,” by which the means, I talk confusedly in my misfortunes.

(2) This passage is ridiculed by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER in the “*Scornful Lady*,” as follows:—“ — be deceased, that is, asleep, for so the word is taken, “To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep; a fiery figure, sir,” &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

(3) By the undiscovered country, SHAKSPEARE meant that journey which the soul takes to the place of its refuge, after its division from the body; hence he argues from the bourne of that country, no traveller returns—therefore it still remains unknown to living mortals.

from them. He answers—that it is the fear of death, and punishment after death, for the foul crime of self-murder, that deters a man. I should likewise rather have SHAKESPEARE *no more mangled* than he is at present—the editors of a late date have sufficiently spoliated his works—but I must give credit to Mr. C. for his attempt.

I have briefly argued on that beautiful soliloquy, and an early insertion will oblige,

Yours, &c. . . PHIL0 KEAN.

STANZAS,
TO MISS HEALEY.(1)

“O, fairer than the flowers adorning,
The hawthorn in a summer morning;
While life remains I still will sing
Thy praise, until the mountains ring.”

When care o'erflows the heart,
Usurping pleasure's right,
'Tis sweet to mitigate its smart,
By beauty's cheering light.

Yet sweeter when it proves
The index of the mind,
And tends to make the heart it moves,
Subservient to its kind.

So thy enchanting smile
And histrionic art,
Refer to worth, that would beguile
Life's most desponding part.

The virtues which appear,
Chief features of thy breast,
Are such as render woman dear,
Nor needs there other test.

Still may those virtues shine,
Resplendently as now;

(1) Of the Olympic.

And perfect health be ever thine,
While fame inwreathes thy brow."

W. H. C.

DISSERTATION

ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY,

Extracted from the best Writers upon those subjects.

TRAGEDY was, in its infancy, like every other production of human art, extremely contemptible; that wide and deep stream, which flows with such strength and rapidity through cultivated Greece, took its rise from a small and inconsiderable fountain, which hides itself in the recesses of antiquity, and is almost buried in oblivion; the name alone remains to give us some light into its original nature, and to inform us, that Tragedy, like every other species of poetry, owed its birth to Religion.

Tragedy, or the Song of the Goat, was only a sacred hymn. Bacchus, we are told, the first cultivator of vines, imparted his secret to a petty prince in Attica, named ICA-RIUS, who happening, one day, to espy a goat brouzing upon his plantations, immediately seized and offered him up as a sacrifice to his divine benefactor; the peasants assembled round their master, assisted in the ceremony, and expressed their joy and gratitude in songs and dances on the occasion; the sacrifice grew into a festival, and the festival into an annual solemnity, attended most probably every year with additional circumstances, when the countrymen flocked together in crowds, and sung in rustic strains the praises of their favorite Deity. The rural sacrifice became in process of time a solemn fast, and assumed all the pomp and splendour of a religious ceremony; poets were employed by the magistrate to compose hymns, or songs, for the occasion; such was the rudeness and simplicity of the age, that their bards contended for a prize, which, as HORACE intimates, was scarce worth contending for; being no more than a goat or skin of wine, which was given to the happy poet who acquitted himself best in the task assigned him.

This was probably the period when THESPIIS first pointed out the tragie path, by his introduction of a new personage, who relieved the chorus or troop of singers, by reciting some part of a well-known history, or fable, which gave time for the chorus to rest. All that the actors repeated between the songs of the chorus, was called an episode, or additional part, consisting often of different adventures, which had no connection with each other. Thus the chorus or song, which was at first the only, and afterwards the principal performance, became gradually and insensibly, but an inconsiderable, though a necessary and ornamental part of the Drama.

From this time, the actor, or reciter, was more attended to than the chorus; however his part was executed, it had the powerful charms of novelty to recommend it, and quickly obscured the lustre of the chorus, whose songs were now of a different nature, insomuch, that the original subject of them, the praise of Bacchus, was by degrees either slightly mentioned, or totally passed over and forgotten; the priests, who we may suppose for a long time presided over the whole, were alarmed at so open a contempt of the Deity, and unanimously exclaimed, that this was nothing to Bacchus; the contempt grew into a kind of proverbial saying, and as such is handed down to us.

From the origin of Tragedy, to the days of THESPIIS, and from his time to that of ÆSCHYLUS, all is doubt, conjecture, and obscurity; neither ARISTOTLE, nor any other ancient writer, gives us the least insight into the state and progress of the Greek drama; the names of a few, and but a few, tragedians, during this dark period, are handed down to us; such were EPIGENES, the Sicyonian, and PRATINAS, who wrote fifty-two plays, thirty-two of which are said to be satirical. After THESPIIS, came his scholar PHRYNICUS, who wrote nine tragedies, for one of which, we are told, he was fined fifty drachmas, because he had made it (an odd reason) too deep and too affecting; there was also another PHRYNICUS, author of two tragedies: to these must be added, ALCÆUS, PHORMUS, and CHÆRITAS, together with CEPHISODORUS, an Athenian, who wrote the "*Amazons*," and APOLLOPHANES, supposed to have been the author of a tragedy, named "*Daulis*," though SUIDAS is of another

opinion. Tragedy had, during the lives of these writers, probably made but a slow progress, and received but very little culture and improvement; when at length the great **ÆSCHYLUS** arose, who from this rude and undigested chaos, created, as it were, a new world in the system of letters. Poets, and perhaps epic poets, there might have been before **HOMER**; dramatic writers there certainly were before **ÆSCHYLUS**: the former, notwithstanding, we may with the utmost propriety, style the inventor and father of heroic poetry, and the latter of the ancient drama, which before his time, doth not appear to have had any form, shape, or beauty. He first introduced dialogue, that most essential part of tragedy, by the addition of a second personage, threw the whole fable into action, and restored the chorus to its ancient dignity.

ÆSCHYLUS having, like a tender parent, endowed his darling child with every mental accomplishment, seemed resolved that no external ornaments should be wanting to render her universally amiable; he clothed her, therefore, in the most splendid habit, and bestowed on her every thing that art could produce, to heighten and improve her charms. **ÆSCHYLUS**, who being himself author, actor, and manager, took upon him the whole conduct of the drama, and did not neglect any part of it; he improved the scenery and decorations, brought his actors into a well constructed theatre, raised his heroes on the cothurnus or buskin, invented the masques, and introduced splendid habits with long trains, that gave an air of majesty and dignity to the performers.

From the time when tragedy began to assume a regular form, we find her closely following the steps of epic poetry; all the parts of *epopée*, or heroic poem, may be traced in tragedy, though as **ARISTOTLE** observes, all the parts of tragedy are not to be found in the *epopée*; whence the partisans of the stage with some reason conclude, that perfection in the former is more difficult to be attained than in the latter. Without entering into this dispute, we may venture, however, to style **HOMER**(1) the source and foun-

(1) **ARISTOTLE** says, "HOMER was the first who invented dramatic imitations." "There was no more left for tragedy," (says Lord **SHAFTESBURY**) "than to erect a

tain of the ancient drama; from him the tragedians drew the plan, construction, and conduct of their fables, and not unfrequently, the fable itself; to him they applied for propriety of manners, character, sentiment, and diction.

From this era then, we are to consider tragedy as an elegant and noble structure, built according to the rules of art, symmetry, and proportion; whose every part was in itself fair, firm, and compact—and at the same time contributed to the beauty, utility, and duration of the whole edifice.

SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES carefully studied the plan laid down by ÆSCHYLUS, and by their superior genius and judgment improved it in a short time to its highest state of perfection, from which it gradually declined to the rise of the Roman drama.

ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, and EURIPIDES, were the three great tragic poets; and from the works of these three illustrious writers, and from them alone, we must draw all our knowledge of the ancient Greek tragedy.

[To be Resumed.]

DR. CAIUS.

MR. DRAMA,

Perhaps the following remarks on *Caius*, in SHAKESPEARE'S "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," may not prove unacceptable. It is generally supposed that in this play SHAKESPEARE did not forget his old persecutor LUCY, under the character of *Justice Shallow*. Now I am inclined to think not only this, but all the principal characters in this play are ridiculed, under feigned names, and most particularly *Caius*, the French Physician. In this I am confirmed by a book, which lately fell into my hands, termed, an *Historical*

stage, and draw his dialogues and characters into scenes, turning in the same manner upon one principal action or event, with regard to place and time, which was suitable to a real spectacle.

Vide Characteristics, Vol. II.

Dictionary, published in 1692, which mentions one JOHN CAIUS, born at Norwich, and fellow of Gonvill Hall in Cambridge, who travelled into *Italy*, and became a famous Physician at Padua. After his return, he was preferred Physician to Queen MARY, and improved Gonvill Hall into a College. He wrote an excellent book of the Antiquity of Cambridge; and another *De canibus Britannicis*. He flourished in 1558. His Epitaph is "*Fui Caius*." Thus says the book, and it inclines me to think this person SHAKSPEARE's Physician. It in every respect agrees with the character. Doubtless, his making him a French Physician was, that he might not appear the person ridiculed. His travelling into Italy must in all respects have made his natural tongue imperfect, and SHAKSPEARE taking advantage of this, introduced those scraps of French which so characterise his speeches. I leave your readers to determine on the plausibility of the above illustration, and am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

May 1st, 1822.

THE DRAMATIC INSPECTOR.

No. IV.

BY FREDERICK FOX COOPER.

AUTHORS.

"Consider, reader, what fatigues we know;
Yet shall we bless our labours, if mankind
Their future safety from our dangers find."

GAY'S *Old Poems*.

THE injustice with which, men who write for the stage, are generally calumniated by the press, and the ill-treatment they experience, from (those factotums of the public,) Theatrical Stage Managers, together with the injuries they sustain in their professional avocations, are the sole reasons

why they are made the subject of this month's inspection. Of all the miseries of human life, authorship is the worst ; if a man would wish to spend his life void of perplexity, he should apprentice himself to a knife-grinder, or bellows-mender, rather than trust to the contents of his brain, however fertile, for support. He may then comfortably repose, for he will know nothing of the horrors of intense thought, the delights of racking the brain for subjects to write upon, the searching of the soul for language to put into the mouths of heroes and heroines, and the delightful recreation of waiting in terrific suspense, ages, ere he can know the result of his efforts ; and when he wakes from the dream of bliss he has foolishly indulged in, to his sorrow he finds that the anticipation of crowded houses, thunders of applause, and the author's night, are mere bubbles, which turn into nothing, but the usual answer of "*It wont suit,*" or "*It's too long,*" so that the effusions of a mind fraught with genius, are only common-place ideas, despised by himself and spurned by the managers.

We do not intend to speak personally, of the illiberality of any of the managers, but we cannot forego, the opportunity, of making a few remarks upon the general bad conduct of the acting proprietors of the metropolitan theatres, and every one who has the slightest knowledge of the Drama, must perceive we are treading upon paths, already beaten out for us, by the misconduct of those, whom we are now willing to reprobate. It is said, and said very truly,

" Bold is his task in this discerning age,
When every witling prates about the stage ;
And some pert title arrogantly brings,
To trace up nature through her noblest springs."

Therefore we cannot but sympathise with the authors of pieces sent to Drury Lane Theatre, on the neglect experienced by them, and on their waste of time, in trusting to the superlative taste of the most *animated, magnanimous, generous, and sublime* of managers, the *great Lessee*, or in plain terms, the incomprehensible cook of Melo Dramas, Coronations, and Burletta's. We are bold, but we enter not the lists alone, for we are certain that the authors of "*Bellamira,*" "*Apostate,*" "*Montalto,*" "*Bridal Night,*"

"*Mirandola*," "*Steward*," "*Damon and Pythias*," and "*Retribution*," will all join us; for the above mentioned are *plays*, stamped in the favour of the public, as possessed of infinite merit; particularly "*Mirandola*" and "*Conscience*;" why then are they not brought forward, and acted at least four or five times in one season, were it only as a compliment to the merit of the writers. But the conductors of the theatres act otherwise, for when a play is acted with any degree of success, at any one of the theatres, these mysterious beings allow it, after that season, to sink into oblivion, and if it was not for the aid of circulating libraries, the public would forget that there ever did exist pieces of the above titles. It is not a rarity in the annals of dramatic fame, to find the ill success of pieces often with truth attributed to the neglect of the persons who are engaged in the production of them, as in the case of the "*Italians*;" never did exist such a vile plot to overthrow the interests of any man, as did then; and if it will be any satisfaction to Mr. BUCKE, we offer some little consolation by informing him, that he may owe the non-success of his piece to the machinations of enemies, for we have read the "*Italians*," and can with every sentiment of truth, declare that it equals any of our modern tragedies.

How different are the concerns of the theatres regulated to what the public suppose; for where they think liberality and generosity go hand-in-hand, nothing but meanness and superciliousness exist. We do not exaggerate, and as we always like fact, before fiction, we only ask of the managers the following question—whether, if a piece were sent to them fresh from the pen, if the said piece would not be returned, (after having been detained an immensity of time, and permitting the author to dance attendance the whole of that time, with his best inquiries after his property) with the usual, and ever customary answer of "*It wont suit Drury Lane Theatre*," and cruelly pirated of every idea tending to strike as original. We do not anticipate a reply, for the incomprehensible now must be aware, that it would be fruitless to attempt the vindication of a plan, carried into effect not only by him, but by all the theatres, metropolitan and minor.

Unsuccessful authors are more to be pitied than con-

demned, for in one light they are worthy of high commendation, and that is for their praiseworthy attempts to illustrate nature in its truest colours, and for modelling them in shapes suitable to please the taste, the ear, the eye, and fancy of man ; and therefore they ought not to be made the whipping-top of a grown-up school-boy, in the form of a critique in a morning paper.

It is but seldom that the professional duties of the managers are attended with propriety of conduct, for it not unfrequently happens that they, from selfish motives, fall (like Cannibals with human flesh) upon the works of men, who never intended their works to be polluted by the hands of a man, who is hardly capable of any thing, save acting a puppet in the Coronation. The same with all the novels ; WALTER SCOTT writes ; these are sure to be made the prey (1) of the lessee, and are dragged, stripped of all their native beauty, for the idle gratification of the Drury Lane management. Instead of infringing upon the works of BYRON, it would have been infinitely better, had they permitted those who are attending daily for answers, to have had the cheering prospect held out to them of a fair trial. This would have been doing good, and the public, perhaps, might have had the pleasure of seeing something worthy of notice in the bills, instead of the trash composed of "*Ade-lines*," "*Thereses*," "*Geraldis*," &c. &c.

March 5.

STANZAS,
TO MISS M. A. TREE.

Delicate Spirit, thou wert made
For the gentle Viola ;
And rue and rosemary to braid,
With poor Ophelia ;
Or with sweet Juliet's faith to prove
The eye-enduring power of love.

(1) *We cannot but make one omission here, as a just tribute to the talent of MR. T. DIBDIN, who adds another leaf to the many laurels already gained, in his piece of the "Pirate," which is dramatized by him, we need say no more.*

Every softer, kindlier glow,
Finds its resting-place in thee;
So sweetly dost thou speak of woe,
It seems thy fitting ministry,
For ever thus the plaints to tell
Of maidens who have loved too well.

In Sorrow's touch so lightly press'd,
And Hope still lighter, burning still,
Where young Love liv'd, and Beauty bless'd,
The fond enthusiast of his will,
We mark the changing thoughts that prove
The maid who "never told her love."

Or with Ophelia's fleeting mind,
To shrink at once before the blast;
To wither in an hour, and find
But one short grief—the first and last.
To view the desolation wide,
And yield, nor dare to stem the tide.

Or, in fond Julia's shape to tell,
What woman's heart can do and dare—
What tale hath ever told so well
The tyrant thrall that lovers bear?
And while I look on thee, I feel
'Twere rapture at *some* shrines to kneel.

Delicate Spirit, thou wert made
Thus to breathe thy noiseless spell,
That hovers round like fairy braid,
And binds, although invisible.
Delicate Spirit, fare thee well!
Oh! breathe, for ever breathe thy spell.

W. O. F.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA REVIVED.

MR. DRAMA,

I am not so vain as to suppose the remarks in my last
have been in the least matter the cause of the change in the

performances at the two Great Theatres, but I certainly must congratulate the dramatic circle, on the excellent change that has taken place.

At Covent Garden, instead of the pomp and parade of a Carnival or a Coronation, we have the treat to see "*Julius Cæsar*;" supported by the greatest strength of the house; YOUNG, KEMBLE, and MACREADY, standing conspicuous; at Old Drury, we have had revived all the excellent comedies of the best authors, and occasionally a tragedy, where KEAN shines forth in the most brilliant colours, while BRAHAM with Madame VESTRIS, (ever lovely) Miss POVEY, and Miss FORDE, have gratified our ears with the sound of their melodious voices.

I certainly hail it as a happy omen, and doubt not the repeated calls made on the managers, have induced them to return to the good old stock pieces from which they should never have departed.

Before I close, I would just say that it is a great pity no able clever actor can be found to support Mr. KEAN. Mr. COOPER it is true is a clever and a gentlemanlike man, but then he is foisted into Tragedy, next into Comedy, then Farce, then into Opera, Melodrama, &c., which is certainly no credit to Mr. ELLISTON, who seems to make quite a tool of him, and which should not be allowed. The acting of even ROSCIUS himself would be lost, if no one would compete with him.

" 'Tis barbarous, it should be reform'd."

Your obedient Servant,

PHILO KEAN.

NUGÆ DRAMATICÆ.

BY GEO. JAS. DE WILDE.

No. I.

THE MANIAC.

" Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,

Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted." BURNS.

SCENE.—*A Forest. Night.*

MANFRED.

My hopes are fruitless, the intricacies
Of this dark forest baffle every effort
To trace an outlet ere the morning dawns.
How ill my ardent love brooks such delay,
That hath sustained me through long time and trial,
By pointing towards the guerdon that it promised.
Amid the battle's din, 'twas love that fir'd me ;
In woe and sickness, still 'twas my attendant ;
And when the mists that hate and envy rais'd
Darken'd my soul, it soothed me with the thought,
That still a breast was left for me to rest on ;
A lip for mine to press—one heart at least
That beat to mine responsive. Eyes that, when
Mine shall be closed in death, will drop a tear
Unto my memory—
Oh ! my Camilla, like the farewell rose
Of dying summer, its fair petals drenched
And beaten by the storm—sweet girl, I left thee.
How my eyes long, aching with scenes of blood,
On that fair form to find eternal rest !
How do I long to snatch thee from the desert,
(Where thou hast bloom'd in lonely loveliness,
Almost unknown, expos'd to every ill,)
To the bright sunshine of prosperity,
To shelter thee from danger—to behold thee,
My lovely bride, the ornament of Naples !
But for deluding fancy, that persuaded
A shriek of woe burst from this gloomy spot,
And prompted me to rush from my attendant,
And for awhile, sweet, to forget e'en thee,
I should ere this have clasp'd thee to my bosom,
To part no more—but now, till the bright sun
Pierces this thicket, this must be my couch.
(Throws himself on a bank and sleeps.)

SONG *at a distance.*

Tell me not of hope, it died
 In my breast for ever,
 When from me my lover hied,
 To return, oh ! never
 From the blue æther, and from the green wave,
 Souls of the bless'd hover over his grave.

Enter the MANIAC.

Well, well, I shall meet him one day, when my brain burns not, and my heart ceases to beat ; and when the moon beams brightly, lock'd in each others arms, we'll wander to the grot, and gaze on the spirits that dip in the spray of the torrent—the grot where I oft have watched, and beheld sights too awful for mortal vision.—Yes—I have strove shuddering on the brink of the precipice, and tho' it almost drove me into madness, I would not quit it—oh, no ! for there I beheld the poor remains of all I ever loved, or ever shall love. Time was, this heart beat warmly in my breast—time was, the clear beams of the young moon gladdened me—*then* all was pleasure, all happiness ; but my heart is cold now, and I am reckless alike of joy and woe—my Manfred is no more and the fiends of the fall have clasped me in their icy arms and pointed to his mangled corpse, but when I sought to embrace his clay cold form—Ha ! can it be—*(Perceiving Manfred.)* it is it is my Manfred ! ye shall not snatch him from me, now he breathes, oh ! God he lives.—*(She runs to embrace him, he starts and grasping a pistol—fires—she falls.)*—Oh ! Manfred, Manfred.—

Man. What have I done, oh ! God 'tis my Camilla.

Cam. Nay calm thee Manfred, calm thee, pitying heaven
 Has granted more than ever I have hoped for :
 I prayed that I might die upon thy grave,
 I die upon thy breast—oh ! I have suffer'd—
 They told me you were dead, and my poor brain
 Sank under such oppressive misery,
 Yet reason would at times dart one fierce ray,
 And then I've pray'd for death.—Farewell—farewell,
 Oh ! my lov'd Manfred, when this heart is cold,
 That never beat with love except for thee—
 When thou shalt raise the goblet to thy lips
 In adoration to some happier fair,

Oh! heave *one* sigh to thy once lov'd Camilla.

Man. My dear dear lost one talk not thus to me,
Rather heap curses on thy murderer,
Think not I will survive thee, canst thou deem
Me such a fiend as e'er to lend an ear
To aught of revelry—oh! canst thou deem
I to another can consign a heart
Plighted to thee alone?

Cam. Nay live my Manfred,
Live and be happy—if the spirit freed
From earthly manacles be but allowed,
Scenes to revisit that in life were dear;
Mine, mine will be the task to hover o'er thee,
To save; oh! God—'tis past—farewell, farewell. (*Dies.*)

Man. Stay, stay Camilla—oh! all powerful Heaven,
In pity rob me not of all I love,
Recall, recall thy mandate—to those lips
Restore their ruby tint—'reave not those eyes
Of all their witchery—oh! stamp me not
A wretch—a murderer, it cannot be,
Distraction seizes me!—oh! thou loveliest one
In whom my every hope and wish was center'd;
Pardon, oh pardon this, my last rash deed,
I cannot live without thee—cannot live
Thy murderer—this is my last embrace,
This kiss my farewell to all happiness.— (*Stabs himself.*)

Mary-le-bone, 1822.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hand?”
“*Midsummer Night's Dream*,” Act V.

KING'S THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

April 9th.—*I QUE PRETENDENTI DELUSI*.
This comic opera is rather a flimsy production. The music

is by MOSCA, and a duet from his hand which was given in the late Oratorio's excited considerable expectations as to its success. We are compelled to say those expectations have been disappointed. The *buffa* music has vivacity and elegance; but except in that peculiar style it seems that MOSCA can do nothing. There is not a single serious song (if we recollect right) in the opera, and very little of *Adagio* movement in any shape. The piece acts pleasantly, thanks to the exertions of the two DE BEGNIS's; but from the rising to the fall of the curtain, the characters do nothing but quarrel in chorusses and quartettos.

The Dramatic portion of this affair lies in a nut-shell. *Signor Andronico*, [DI GIOVANNI,] and *Signora Euphemia*, [GRAZIANNI] have a ward, *Emilia*, [Mad. DE BEGNIS] whom they propose to marry. As to who shall be the happy man, a difference exists. *Signora Euphemia* affects a pompous nobleman called *Don Fausto*, [PLACCI]; while the *Signor* favours *Don Procopio*, [DE BEGNIS] a wealthy miser; and the lady herself has fixed her heart upon *Odoardo*, [CURIONI] an officer of hussars. Out of the claims of these suitors the business of the piece arises. The lady employs stratagem to obtain the object of her affections. She terrifies the miser, as a loud imperious extravagant shrew, and disgusts the noble by assuming the manners of an unbred hoyden: eventually she frightens both into withdrawing their pretensions; and they request as a favor that she may inflict herself upon her favoured lover.

Mad. DE BEGNIS played in her usual style, of talent. Her scolding was admirable; and her scenes with *Don Fausto* were *naïf* and simple in the highest degree without being in any point alloyed with vulgarity. *Signor* DE BEGNIS is no less entitled to a recommendation than his spouse. His *Procopio* is a fine picture of a hard impenetrable heart. There are consols in every feature of his countenance and the late attack upon the *five per cents*, is distinctly visible in the elongation of his chin.

It may be supposed that the disputes between the suitors and the guardian, and more especially their amorous addresses to the young lady afford considerable scope for that gay chit chat style, in which the composer unquestionably

stands eminent; but there is nothing except the chit chat deserving of attention. The best feature in the serious music, is the duet in the first act, between Mad. DE BEGNIS and CURIONI; for the rest hear one scene, and you hear the whole opera;—We like *Macaroni* in its way, but we do not choose to live upon it.

23.—PIETRO L'EREMITA.

The story of this serious opera is founded upon the story of *Peter the Hermit*, the founder of the Crusades. He is represented a prisoner of the *Sultan Noraddin*, but exciting terror by the divine inspiration and supernatural agency which he is presumed to possess. This is particularly evinced in the last scene of the first act, in which on his invocation a shower of fire falls that enwraps almost the whole theatre in its glaring light. The divine mission of *Peter* is finally proved by the death of *Orasmane*, the son of the *Sultan*, who is killed by a thunderbolt, and the captive Christians, with their leader, *Peter*, are finally restored to liberty. In the composition of this opera ROSSINI has made a great addition to his fame. It is of the first order of harmony, rich, mellow, and powerful, happily appropriate to a subject embracing much of military pomp and parade. The great weight of the performance falls upon *Pietro* and *Agia*, the latter of whom is a Christian, with whom the *Prince Orasmane* is in love. She is almost constantly on the stage. In this part Madame CAMPORESE gave great satisfaction. Every part of her performance was received with applause. Nothing could be more beautiful than her *Sorte crudele*, the commencement of the expression of her grief and despair for the death of her lover. The scenery and decorations of this opera are very fine. The bridge in the last scene, by which the Christians effect their escape, is uncommonly well managed: when it broke down in the centre, carrying with it the pursuers, there was a general feeling in the house that it was a real accident. Signor ZUCCHELLI, (1) from Rome, made his *debut* in the character of the *Sultan*. His tones are rich and

(1) The wags already say that he is an Irishman educated (not born) in Italy, and that his name is a corruption of JOE KELLY.

powerful, and his reception was highly flattering. The opera went off with extraordinary eclat, but it will require considerable compression.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

April 18th.—Road to Ruin—Giovanni in London.

19.—Secrets worth Knowing—Paul and Virginia.

20.—Speed the Plough—My Spouse and I.

22.—King Richard III—Monsieur Tonson.

23.—Man of the World—Past Ten o'Clock and a Rainy Night.

Mr. KEAN appeared in the character of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, with increased success and approbation. Since this piece was last represented, an alteration has taken place in the character of *Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt*, which was performed by Mrs. GLOVER instead of Miss S. BOOTH. We could not have doubted that Mrs. GLOVER would have performed it well ; but we had great doubts that she could overcome the prepossessions in favour of Miss S. BOOTH's representation of that arduous character. This expectation has not been disappointed. Mrs. GLOVER performed it certainly with considerable spirit and judgment ; she manifested those nice shades of perception and powers of expression for which her acting is so remarkably distinguished ; but in the accent and pronunciation of the language, and the general deportment of the Scotch gentlewoman, she was evidently inferior to Miss S. BOOTH. The description of the fashionable circles at Bath she gave with great spirit and drollery, nor was she less successful in the scene with *Cousin Charles*, where she uses her best arts to obtain the happiness of his aversion.

The farce of "*Past Ten o'Clock, and a Rainy Night*," followed, in the course of which, a convivial dialogue takes place over the bottle, between *Dozey*, an old veteran, and *Bantam*, a servant, which called forth the loyalty of the audience. The veteran, in enumerating his various blessings, stated that he had the honour of serving "*the King*," the most kind and liberal of masters, upon which *Bantam*, his companion, proposed that they should drink his health standing. Loud cries were then made of *God save the King*, and Mr. KNIGHT came forward, and said, if it was their

pleasure, *God save the King* would be sung at the end of the farce. Accordingly, when the afterpiece was concluded, the appropriate loyalty of the audience was gratified in hearing the national anthem sung by a great proportion of the *corps dramatique*.

24.—Castle Spectre—My Spouse and I.

For the second time Mr. KEAN sustained the character of *Osmond*.—*Osmond* is a villain of the blackest character, in whose corrupt heart, baseness, treachery, counterfeited love, and every species of dissimulation find a kindred soil. To accomplish his iniquitous purposes he would wade through seas of blood. In this description, the affinity to the character of *Richard III.* is apparent. It must then naturally be expected that Mr. KEAN was successful. In the description of his horrid dreams, when he rushes from his couch into the arms of his slaves, and depicts the dreadful mental torture he endured from the hideous spectre which appeared to him, he produced the most astonishing effect: and throughout the entire performance he depicted the dark character of the villain *Osmond*, who possessed all the bad qualities of human nature, without one single redeeming virtue, with the utmost fidelity. Miss GRIMANI played *Angela* with considerable judgment.

April 25.—Siege of Belgrade—Prisoner at Large.

Mr. BRAHAM made his first appearance this season in the character of the *Seraskier*. He was most warmly greeted on his appearance by the audience, and seemed in as good voice as ever we recollect him. In all his songs he gave universal delight, in some he was *encored*, in all, a repetition was called for. The favourite air of "*My heart with love is beating*," he sang in a strain of the sweetest melody, combined with the most brilliant execution. Madame VESTRIS played *Lilla* with her natural vivacity and judgment; and Miss FORDE, in the character of *Catharine*, obtained great applause. She looked more interesting in the character, than in any, in which, she has as yet appeared. She sang all the songs allotted to her with taste and sweetness, and, with a little more spirit, might be considered perfect in the character. The house was numerously and fashionably attended.

26.—Castle Spectre—Paul and Virginia.

27.—Guy Mannering—Who's who?

Mr. BRAHAM resumed his performance of *Henry Bertram*, and was welcomed and applauded with oft repeated cheers: an echo duet was adopted for his introduction, in place of the original song. His rich and mellow tones, issuing from behind the scene, filled the mind with astonishment and delight. The song was heard with rapture. He gave "*The last words of Marmion*" with delightful effect; the accents, as they die away, sink into the soul as it melts beneath them; his "*Love's young dream*," executed without an accompaniment, as usual, proves the astonishing power of the singer; it was heard with delight and *encored*. His "*Scots wha ha*," given in his best style, experienced a like reception. It is pleasant to see a favourite performer, to whom the public are so largely indebted, triumph over the repetition and familiarity with the scene by the power of superior talent, and continue to captivate with all the charms of novelty. Miss FORDE sustained *Julia Mannering* well, and introduced a composition of MOORE's—"Oh, say not Woman's heart is false," with good effect; but it would have been more efficient if executed in a more simple style, and with a less display of powers. Miss POVEY was *Lucy Bertram*, and acquitted herself well. Miss EDMISTON performed *Meg Merrilies* for the first time. She is too active, or rather she overacted the part—her mind seems to have no instant of repose, and she destroys the distinction we look for between the sober melancholy, and the enraged distress of the part. Otherwise she is full of the ambiguity and irregular energy of thought implied in the original, and is quite as good as any *Meg Merrilies* who has been seen since the first appearance of Mrs. EGERTON in the character. HARLEY played *Dominie Sampson* with much advantage to his professional honours. He would do better to dress the character in black, even if he has good reasons for using a party coloured costume. He was very ludicrous in the compulsory interview with *Meg Merrilies*. The piece went off well, and the house displayed a full and elegant audience.

29.—*Romeo and Juliet*—Giovanni in London.

In the tragedy—a fair *debutante* appeared in the character of *Juliet*, and was eminently successful. She is the daughter of Mrs. GLOVER, so long a distinguished public

favourite. Miss GLOVER's appearance is extremely interesting; her features small but expressive; and her person, not above the middle size, formed with the most perfect symmetry. On first coming forward she was most warmly greeted, and evidently laboured under considerable agitation. Having recovered from her embarrassment, her talents began to shew themselves, and in the scene in the balcony, she gave ample earnest of those fine powers, which she afterwards so successfully displayed. Her extreme youth, and want of familiarity with the stage, left us unprepared for that high degree of cultivation which, even under the disadvantages of a first appearance, was abundantly evident. Her action is graceful and dignified, her accents the sweetest imaginable, her enunciation remarkably distinct, and her entire demeanour elegant. Our limits prevent us at present from entering into further particulars, but we cannot doubt that Miss GLOVER must become a reigning favourite, and fill up (in some measure) the blank so long vacant in the female department of the higher walks of tragedy.

30.—*Haunted Tower*—Monsieur Tonson.

May 1.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—Paul and Virginia.

2.—*Pizarro*—Turpike Gate.

3.—*Othello*—Spectre Bridegroom.

4.—*Siege of Belgrade*—Monsieur Tonson.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

April 18th.—*Rob Roy*—Cherry and Fair Star

19.—*School for Scandal*—Ibid.

20.—*Slave*—Ibid.

22.—*Julius Cæsar*—Ibid.

The cast of the tragedy was uncommonly strong, including Messrs. C. KEMBLE, YOUNG, and MACREADY, as *Mark Antony*, *Brutus*, and *Cassius*.—Indeed the bare mention of the actors by whom the principal characters were sustained immediately conveys a high idea of the performance. A more felicitous arrangement could not have been made;

and it is very seldom indeed we meet with such a rare combination of dramatic power in one piece. In this age of shows and pantomime, it is truly gratifying to see the legitimate drama restored to its proper place and liberally patronized. If those who habitually rail against the public taste, and attribute to its depravity, the apparent apathy to dramatic exhibitions; had witnessed the breathless attention, which was bestowed upon the representation of this grand effort of human genius, and the exquisite delight it seemed to communicate, they would at once perceive the temerity of their presumption. The stillness which prevailed through the house, crowded as it was, proved the intense interest excited by the splendid efforts of those "master spirits" of the stage. The speech to the Roman people over the dead body of *Cæsar* was delivered by Mr. KEMBLE with such seeming candour as was well calculated to attain the purposes of his ambition. Nothing could be finer than the burst of exultation with which he concluded his speech, when he had inflamed the minds of his auditory against the conspirators, and the animation with which he uttered the words—

"Now let it work;
Mischief, thou art a foot,"

excited the most unbounded applause. The whole was as pure a specimen of declamation as can be conceived. In the scene of their contention and reconciliation, the impetuous temper of *Cassius* was finely contrasted with the subdued but determined bearing of the philosophic *Brutus*. The entire performance of this play was *unique* and equal and the mind was wholly occupied with the great and tragical event which was celebrated. *All* the actors appeared in their just relation to each other; there was no one meteor whose beams eclipsed the surrounding luminaries, and whose lustre was dimmed (and not as is sometimes falsely supposed) rendered more dazzling by their inferiority. It was the most perfect representation that has been seen on the stage for many years; the part of *Julius Cæsar* was well sustained by Mr. EGERTON, and Mrs. FAUCIT was an interesting *Portia*. Looking to the leading characters of the piece, supported by such an host of talent, it could not be otherwise than relished by the audience. The announce-

ment for its repetition was received with thunders of applause.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The assemblage of operatic and histrionic talent, combined with the pleasing yet mournful sensations of hearing CHARLES INCLEDON *once* more, propelled us insensibly to take a "longing, lingering look" at one of the finest vocalists that ever adorned the British Stage, or charmed the musical world. There is something uncommonly affecting in taking farewell of an old favorite, and the retrospections that follow upon such an occurrence, lead us involuntarily to the adoption of ideas, that show us in a most sensitive degree, the deteriorating influence of time, not only on states and empires; but on human passions and powers. Thus the above named gentleman, who once in the fullness, pathos, and majesty of his voice could rouse every latent nerve, and appeal with almost supernatural emotion to the divination of music that "stirs within us," now only excites, whilst we are hearing him, a restlessness in our bosoms, which breathes most compassionately our ardent hopes, that he will execute what he may be singing, with some emanation of his former far extended fame; and when the strain is ended, we feel removed from the necessity of listening to what we are certain must be to him, an elaborate and difficult task. But though age, has with its iron hand, impaired materially his fine voice, yet at certain passages, either the recollection of what he has been, or that musical inspiration which always characterized him, seems to have instilled new energy to his frame, and to have reanimated most mellifluously his tones; at such periods as these, he still delighted and astonished us, but more particularly in the lower strains, that volume of majestic grandeur, and richness of intonation came swelling on in as sweet and as undulating accents as they were wont to do: but in the falsetto notes, the roundness of tone, the thrilling melody, that used so beautifully to distinguish them is scarcely perceptible; and which added to the want of articulation by loss of teeth, made us, as we before observed sit in anxiety during the performance, and rejoice at its termination.

The evenings entertainments were ushered in (to one of the most brilliant and numerous audiences that ever graced a British theatre,) by the grand overture to "*Anacreon*," composed by CHERUBINI, and which on this occasion was executed gratuitously with consummate skill by the gentlemen of the Italian Opera, conducted by Mr. MOUNTAIN: next followed the "*Quaker*," in which we were delighted by the inimitable acting of Mr. OXBERRY, who sustained most admirably the part of *Solomon*. His old proverbs and sayings which led us to believe he had ransacked poor *Dick's* repository elicited rounds of applause; but we cannot help in this instance noticing the absurdity of any young man of sense, obtruding himself on the public, with such slender abilities as the *young gentleman* who enacted "*Lubin*," his singing was vile, his acting worse, and he can only be considered as a foil to the rest of the performers. The "*Day after the Wedding*" displayed most forcibly the excellent acting of Mrs. GLOVER, Messrs. RUSSEL, BARNARD, &c. &c. In the musical melange that succeeded, we were enraptured with the dulcet warblings of that inspired of *St. Cecilia*, Miss STEPHENS; Madam VESTRIS had evidently a cold; Miss POVEY, and that ever-green, Mrs. BLAND sang "*Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon*," arranged as a duet, delightfully, "*Pot Pourri*," by Mr. NICHOLSON, was a masterpiece of execution and musical feeling, and together with the vocal abilities of Messrs. BROADHURST, G. SMITH, HARLEY, WEBB, &c. presented us with as delicious an harmonic treat as we ever experienced. It was here that INCLEDON, after singing "*Black Ey'd Susan*," and the "*Storm*," delivered his Farewell Address, and which evidently not only affected him, but most of his auditors; and it was here we considered he threw off the natural imperfections of age, and appeared with his wonted glory, by executing with Mr. BROADHURST, the celebrated duet of "*All's Well*," which forcibly brought home to our recollections the strains of other days. "*The Turnpike Gate*," finished the bill of fare, in which that professor of grimace and buffoonery, MUNDEN shone conspicuously, he in fact kept the house in an incessant roar, but his extemporaneous allusion to Mr. INCLEDON received as it deserved tremendous applause. The whole of the ladies and

gentlemen, who so willingly contributed their varied assistance fully supported their pretensions to public favour, with the exception of Mr. J. SMITH, whose apathy in performing his engagement to the vocal veteran, deserves the severest reprehension. We would wish by the bye to remind the above named gentleman that a promise once given, ought most solemnly to be held sacred, and on an occasion like the present, to serve an old friend and favourite for the last time, would have redounded more to his credit and fame, than the course he pursued.

Farewell INCLEDON, may the remaining declension of thy existence, be hallowed from misfortune, and though we are aware you might at this period have commanded your carriage, we are likewise "tremblingly alive," to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, from which you, as well as mankind in general, cannot possibly be free, or exempt.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

This attractive and fashionable place of summer amusement, put in its claims to public approval and patronage at the usual period, under the sole proprietorship of Mr. DAVIS, (partner with the late Mr. ASTLEY) and the stage superintendence of Mr. WILLIAM BARRYMORE. The house which deservedly ranks among the most elegant minor theatres in the metropolis, has undergone various tasteful and judicious improvements, and has been newly painted and decorated in the most elegant manner; the company has also received several desirable accessions: among the chief of whom many be enumerated, Mr. POWER, Mr. BAKER, and Miss HEALEY from the Olympic, Mr. SLADER, and Mr. HERRING from the Surrey, and others. The season commenced with the frolics of *Tom, Jerry, and Logic*, during their life in the metropolis, and an afterpiece called the "*Irishman in London*." Premising that this was the first theatre at which these worthies commenced their peregrinations, the success of which, induced the manager to keep his doors open a considerable time longer than the usual period; and that on this success the Adelphi,

and all the other theatres determined to raise their super-structures, we may perhaps be allowed to enlarge a little in our description of the present medley, as it will probably be for the last time. We are first presented with '*Life in the Country*' the Sportsman's Cabinet—Jerry requests permission of his father to take a peep at the sights of the "*wonderful metropolis*"—and Tom kindly undertakes to give him the "*finishing stroke*." The "*old ones*" consent gained, Jerry takes leave of his constant Sue, and led by Folly in the shape of Harlequin and Clown; they arrive in the Exeter Mail at the White Horse Cellar; where soon after, at a "*Chaffing Crib*" Jerry gets introduced to Logic, and the game begins—through all the degrees of high and low life, by occasional peeps into *Almacks* in the *West*, and *All-Max* in the *East*—in *Carlton Palace*, and in the "*Back Shums*" (as they are denominated) in the "*Holy Land*." We have the customary hits of "*flooring a Jarvy*"—"boxing a Charley"—getting "*quodded*" and being "*finished*." Some of the scenes are highly ludicrous; particularly *Jackson's Rooms*, in which Jerry gets acquainted with the "*giving and taking*" system, and the Clown proves himself a "*hard hitter*," by sending Harlequin clean thro' the wainscot.—*Tattersal's*, where the plan is taught of how to buy a horse, and how to sell one—and the exterior of the *Opera House*, with the horrors of a rainy night. The arrival of the Mail Coach at the *White Horse Cellar*, is peculiarly well managed. The *Temple Bar* scene, and those in the *Watch House*, and *All Max in the East*, are not made so much of as we should have expected. But any little deficiency in this respect was amply made up for by the scene of *Epsom Races*. To those who are acquainted with the peculiar facility which the extensive stage of this theatre, presents for any spectacle of an equestrian nature, a description of this scene will be needless; it is a true and humorous picture of real life, and exhibits post chaises, gigs, tilburys, caravans, hackney coaches, carts, and four-in-hand barouches, all drawn by real horses—with gambling tables, pickpockets, sweeps, piemen, beggars and ballad-singers, and all the numerous and varied paraphernalia attended on these well known scenes, concluding with a grand race between seven "*Bits of Blood*!" on extensive platforms

taking in the whole width of the riding school. It is without exception the very best spectacle of the kind ever exhibited, we think, even on this stage. We are really somewhat surprised that the fertile imagination of the manager did not present him with another scene which would have equalled the one we have just mentioned—for which his theatre is equally well adapted—and which would have afforded a fine scope for *Jerry* and *Tom* to have exercised to the fullest extent their propensities for “*larking*”—we mean Bartholomew Fair!—We think a finer subject for the employment of the risible muscles can scarcely be found in all the scenes in London put together, if well managed.

Mr. POWER'S *Tom*, was marked by that strong energy which made his performance of a somewhat similar character, at the Olympic so noted. SLADER'S *Jerry* was full of vigour and spirit, and HERRING, infused the *vis comica* into *Logic*. Miss HEALEY (as *Folly*) sang most delightfully. Mr. GUEKINT should *diet* himself—this would improve his shape, and render him a more fit representative of the parti-coloured hero. SOUTHEY'S *Clown* is excellent; but the introduction of these attributes of *Folly* (which is certainly an excellent idea) is not we think, so highly relished as it ought to be; the reason for this appears to us to arise from their being only *imaginary* characters, and thereby taking off from that *reality* which would otherwise attach itself to the scenes and incidents.

The “NIGHT HAG, or *St. Swithen's Chair*.” This interesting Melo Drama (which was brought forward last season with decided success) is from the pen of Mr. BARRYMORE, and is founded on an episode in the novel of “*Waverley*.” The incidents are extremely well contrived—and the scene in the *Night Hag's* cave (in which *Fergus* in compliance with the mystic direction—

“They who *dare* sit in *St. Swithin's Chair*,
When the Night Hag wings the troubled air;
Questions *three* when they speak the *spell*;
They may *ask*—and *she*—must tell.”

on HALLOWE'EN, inquires respecting his destiny and the fulfilment of his wishes, and the evasive answers of the

Hag, which lead to his destruction) is excellently managed; as is also that in which he is enclosed in the Iron Chest, with the appearance of the witch. The *denouement* is also extremely well brought about.

Of "*RICHARD TURPIN the Highwayman*," we need say but little, for the piece is so well known that a lengthened detail would be needless; it represents some of the most atrocious incidents in the life of that daring marauder—as, his robbery of the heavy York Coach; murder of the Game-keeper, &c. Mr. MAKEEN played the *Highwayman* spiritedly, although certainly not equal to Mr. BRADBURY, who personated the part when produced last season. HERRING was laughable enough as the *Country Bumpkin*, and Mrs. SLADER, made the most of a character originally played most charmingly by that excellent actress Mrs. BARRYMORE. The latter lady has of late been quite estranged to the London boards, of which she used to be the greatest ornament. We trust shortly, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing her again fill those characters, in which she is inimitable.

The above performances varied with those excellent specimens of horsemanship, for which the house is celebrated; the astonishing performances of Mons. DECOUR, the French Hercules', and the young American on the rope, have nightly filled the theatre to the ceiling. However the spirited proprietor, acting up to the system of bringing forward continual novelty, has produced a new afterpiece, under the title of "*FROZEN REGIONS, or The Treacherous Esquimaux*," introducing a real Bear, and two sagacious Dogs, the property of a Mr. HECTOR SIMPSON, whose extraordinary performances it appears, have excited the wonder and admiration of crowded audiences, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester, &c. The piece consists of the adventures of *Captain Hazard*, [GUERINT] and *Larry O'Rattle*, an Irishman, [HERRING] who are lost among the frozen islands of the Arctic Circle. Here *Larry* captivates the heart of *Emi*, [Miss HEALEY] a young Esquimaux, who discards her former lover *Chin Chilef* [HENDERSON]. The *Chief* animated by revenge, attempts to regain her, and murder *Larry*, but is defeated by the intervention of the Irishman's two dogs, who rush

on him, and nearly destroy him. Foiled in this attempt, he is not more successful in the next, when himself and followers having seized *Emi*, during a drunken fit of *Larry's*, (who is overjoyed at the pleasure of his companion's ship arriving safe at the island) are pursued down the mountains, by a ferocious bear, when each is obliged to consult his own safety by immediate flight. *Hector*, the ship's Cook, [Mr. HECTOR SIMPSON] having strayed from the crew, climbs a tree for security, which the bear ascends after him. However, he descends on the other side and arrives at the ship, followed by the animal, where he escapes the danger by hiding himself in a large trunk. In the mean time *Larry* has gained the ship accompanied by his two dogs, pursued by the Chief. *Larry* secures one of his dogs in a large chest, and takes the other with him up to his hammock, but when there, finding he is unsafe while the ladder remains, he immediately calls his dog *Carlo*, who jumps from the chest, and carries off the ladder; he then returns to his kennel, and *Larry* awaits the event. *Chilef* now enters, and after setting fire to a torch, which he sticks in the ground, goes off to reconnoitre—when *Carlo* again comes from his hiding place, pulls the lighted torch from the ground, and bears it off in his mouth; this feat performed, he returns to his hiding place, and there quietly awaits further orders. *Chilef* on re-entering is astonished at the disappearance of the torch, and hearing the voices of the crew, who are returning from their excursion, he encloses himself in another chest. The crew enter, *Larry* descends from his hiding place—the dogs place themselves on the box in which the Chief has concealed himself, and the bear is secured, which *Hector* desires to have given him. *Chilef* being discovered, is tied with ropes to an ice rock, while *Larry*, *Emi*, and his two dogs, with the crew leave the island. But the Chief is released from bondage by his people, who give him a pistol left behind by some of the crew—he fires—but misses his aim—the fire is returned with sure effect—the chief falls from the rock into the ocean, and the two dogs of the Irishman leaping from the ship, and seizing the Esquimaux, finally make an end of him, and the curtain falls.

The piece is really very interesting, and although we are

no advocates in general for the introduction of the Canine, or any other of the brute creation on the stage, yet these gentlemen really were so perfect in their complicated parts, that they left us nothing to wish for, and the applause, which was bestowed on their efforts, was unbounded. The *Ursa Major* was much struck with the peculiarity of his new situation, and appeared extremely partial to one of the fiddlers—indeed the pittites were rather affected by his formidable “physog.” However, on his second appearance, we have no doubt he conquered all his little bashfulnesses, and was as perfect and as “bold as Hector” in his part. HERRING was the life and soul of the piece; we have before remarked on the excellence of his Irish personations. Mr. MAKEEN played very well, but he is too frequent in his use of oaths; he should reform so bad a habit altogether. Miss HEALEY’s performance was excellent, and she sang “*Remember When*,” and “*Bid me Discourse*” sweetly. The scenery is the *ne plus ultra* of painting, and does the highest credit to the celebrated artist Mr. SCRUTON. The frozen rocks and ocean are delightful. In conclusion we cannot but give unlimited praise to the proprietor for the liberal manner in which every department appears to be conducted. He has his reward in the immense overflows with which the performances are attended.

We think the public have seldom been more gratified by royal attention to theatricals, than by His Majesty’s prompt command of a play at Drury Lane, so strongly marking his sense of Mr. ELLISTON’s liberal and early devotion of the house to our suffering relatives; for what else are the Irish, a people too deserted by the nobles, and left to the iron hand of mercenaries. We are glad to hear also that a PLAN is in contemplation amongst the principal professional performers in town to give a Concert on a grand scale at the King’s Theatre, early in the ensuing month, uniting a rare combination of native and foreign talent. Mr. ENERS has, it is said with his usual liberality proffered the use of the King’s Theatre, free of all expense for the occasion, when this noble building will doubtless present a galaxy of the beauty and fashion of our metropolis. It is proposed that the Tickets shall be a Guinea each.

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

POCKET MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. II.

INDECENCIES OF THE GRECIAN AND ROMAN THEATRE.

It has ever been a favourite topic with the opponents of the Theatre, from the shrewd and pertinacious JEREMY COLLIER, down to the prosing and drivelling Dr. STYLES, contrast the licentiousness of the English Stage, with what, they are pleased to term the purity, of the Grecian and Roman Theatres. Now, without stopping to inquire whether this has any particular connexion with the subject of their lucubrations, or whether it is not, in fact, quite irrelevant to the question, it is impossible not to remark, the gross ignorance which these assertions display, of the manners and customs of the theatres of the ancients. Without, however, entering into a long discussion upon the subject, which would probably be neither amusing nor profitable to the readers of "the Drama," it will be sufficient to call to their recollections certain passages in ARISTOPHANES on the one hand, and TERENCE on the other, to induce them to hesitate

in assenting to such vague assertions of the purity of either the Grecian or Roman dramatic writers. Perhaps the following curious passages on the subject in question, extracted from the "*Histrionastix*" of that "tedious old fool" WILLIAM PRYNNE, may not be considered unacceptable to the curious reader. They are given in his own round unvarnished style :—

"It seems that the Grecian actors did now and then, to refresh and exhilarate the lascivious spectators, bring a kind of cisterne upon the stage, wherein naked w——s did swim, and bathe themselves between their acts and scenes ; which wicked, impudent, execrable practice the holy father CHRYSOSTOM doth sharply and excellently declaim against. P. 408.

"What force there is in the gestures of players, may be gathered by the tale of *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* which XENOPHON (1) reporteth to be played at a banquet by a Syracusian, his boy, and his dancing trull. In came the Syracusian, not unlike the prologue of our playes, discoursing the argument of the fable. Then entered *Ariadne*, gorgeously attired like a bride, and sate in the presence of them all. After came *Bacchus*, dancing to the pipe. *Ariadne*, perceiving him, though she neither rose to meete him, nor stirred from the place to welcome him, yet she shewed by her gesture that she sate upon thornes. When *Bacchus* beheld her, expressing in his dance the passions of love, he placed himself somewhat neare to her, and embraced her ; she, with an amorous kinde of feare and strangenesse, as though she would thrust him away with the little finger, and pull him againe with both her hands, somewhat timorously and doubtfully entertained him. At this, the beholders began to shout, when *Bacchus* rose up, tenderly lifting *Ariadne* from her seate ; no small store of curtesie passing between them, the beholders rose up, every man stood on tiptoe, and seemed to hover over the prey ; when they sware, the company sware ; when they departed to bed, the company presently was set on fire ; they that were

(1) Convivium apud Xenophontis Op. Francofurti. 1594. Page 893 to 900.

married posted home to their wives; those that were single vowed solemnly to be wedded." p. 362.

The licentiousness of the Roman stage appears to have been nowise inferior to that of the Grecian; for Martial tells us that he saw the whole story of *Pasiphae* minutely represented on the stage of the *Mimi*; and Plautus, in his epilogue to the "*Casina*," advises the audience to clap lustily, and give the poet his due; and to those that do so, he wishes as many w—s as they please, unknown to their wives, but to those that do not, he wishes a he-goat besmeared with the filth of a ship for a concubine:—

"Nunc vos æquum est, manibus meritis,

"Meritam mercedem dare.

"Qui faxit, clam uxorem, ducat scortum

"Semper quod volet.

"Verum qui non manibus clare, quantum

"Poterit, plauserit,

"Ei, pro scorto, supponetur hircus, unctus nautea."

18th May, 1822.

GLANVILLE.

SONNET,

ON SEEING MR. KEAN PERFORM OCTAVIAN.

Too faithful picture of a breaking heart

Mingling its wild sighs with the wilder wind;

Hugging its woe, and warring with its kind,

And finding pleasure in the poison'd dart,

Which ever rankles there—a ceaseless smart!—

Thus when the heart is broken—and resign'd—

Despair's contented victim—it can find

Therein a life from which it would not part.

And, KEAN! in thee this shatter'd heart was seen

Depicted well; so true that one might deem

Thine own had been love-broken! and so felt

A more than sympathy with the sad scene,

As though delighted to describe a dream,

In which thy soul unhappily had dwelt.

1818.

J. W. DALBY.

 THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

 No. X.

MARIE AND LOUISE.

A Scene from a M.S. Drama, in Three Acts.

 BY J. W. DALBY.

Louise. The secret weighs upon my guilty soul
 So heavily that vainly do I seek
 In social converse some relief from pain ;—
 It presses to the earth those lightsome thoughts
 So want to mingle, Marie, with thine own,
 And follow such pursuits as women love ;
 It steals the balm of renovating sleep
 From night's soft couch—it chills my waking heart—
 'Tis rapture—it is torment !—I must die
 If I conceal it from you—yet to live
 When it is told, perchance, were harder still !

Marie. Dear madam, do not doubt my love and truth—
 Believe me not unworthy of the faith
 You have reposed in me.

Louise. I dare not doubt
 A maiden whose unchanging constancy
 And fair trust-worthiness is theme for praise
 To all who know.—You dear girl are full
 Of virtue and of noble sentiments—
 While I—I mean the secret I would tell—

Marie. Cannot, I feel, disgrace you.

Louise. Ah, you err—
 It is your innate virtue prompts that thought—
 While I—oh, my dear Marie ! may I speak
 What to pronounce would ease my labouring soul
 Of mountains of cold grief !—I fear, alas !
 I fear your censure, know too well how high
 You estimate me—and shall my own words
 Blast my own fame—and trumpet to the world—
 The cold, the scornful, the triumphant world

That sneer'd at my new honours, and condemn'd
The man who rais'd me to a higher sphere—
Me—undeserving of the rank he gave.—
Say, shall it with exulting satisfaction
Know that I've fallen from that envied height,
Into a horrid gulph of sin and shame !—

Marie. This must be but a momentary fit
Of wild delusion.

Louise. Would it were so !—

Marie. It is some dream of horror that usurps
Your reasons empire, and before your eyes,
Wild with unwaited fear, extends a scene
Of phantom-peopled darkness, in which shapes
Of shame and sorrow flit about, and fright
Your view distemper'd—

Louise. Tell me not of dreams—

My sorrows are substantial, and my fears
Are call'd for by a cause more sadly real
Than you imagine.—Say, what would you think
Of a frail woman whose too-loving lord
Had rais'd her from the grovelling destiny
She own'd in earlier days, by giving to her
His heart, his name, his fortune, and his home ;
And when young passion's glowing days were o'er
Lov'd on all faithfully, and fondly too
As when possession was a novelty,
And love was free from every earthly tie ;—
How if this woman—blest and fortunate
Wife of a husband, gentle, generous,
Indulgent and confiding—how if she,
Forgetting duty, honour, gratitude,
And every sacred vow, stoops down so low
That vice, the most degraded by her side,
Would wear the lofty port of innocence ;—
What if this wretch, daring at once and weak,
Stoops to a paramour, who, like herself,
Had fatten'd on her husband's bounty, and
Been rais'd by him to wealth and eminence—
What would you say of her ?—

Marie. What could I say ?—

Were it my best lov'd sister—were it ev'n

My honour'd mother,—it were hard—but I—
I could not choose but hate her !—

Louise. Then hate me !

Spurn, shun, and scorn me—let abhorrence, great
As my crime challenges, be felt by thee—
By thee and all the world—let me be mark'd—
Be branded—but that step—it is—my heart—

Enter MANUEL.

Man. My dear Louise.—Marie, I'm truly glad
That thou art here—we have been dull of late—
You'll be our guest—your presence will enliven
This pensive lady—this poor flower of mine
That droops if fortune rob it for a day
Of the warm sun of a kind husband's eyes.—
Come, Louise, let me kiss you !—what ! in tears !—
This is some sudden grief—dear one ! what cause
Have you for tears ?—but name it, and if power
Exist in human means to give you ease
You will not suffer long.—

Louise. (*Aside.*) Alas ! alas !
Griefs that we may not name are dreadful griefs—
Dear Manuel ! I know not how it is—
But I have struggled lately with such pangs
As only guilt should know. The criminal,
Dreading that each approaching hour, will give
His deeds of darkness ; to the common eye
Must feel as I have felt—as I feel now !—

Man. Laugh off these idle fancies—dearest ! why
Should you torment yourself with pangs the bad
Alone have claim to ?—you, so good and pure,
The angels are not better—and I am
In heav'n when I can steal from life's dull cares,
And bless myself with your society !—

Louise. Ah, this is but the flattery of love,
That willingly allows its partial eye
To be for ever blinded to the faults
Of the beloved one.—Oh, let me beg
You will not deem me so supremely good—
So strong to brave temptation—Heav'n knows
That I—

Man, I will not be your confessor,
A witness being present—so your sins
Must slumber, sweet one! in your guilty breast
Till some more fitting time.

ON ACTORS.

Continued from Page 82.

FROM the dreary and unpleasant prospect, that has been, and still is held out to aspirants for theatrical honours; and from the many hardships, and unpleasanties, attending the pursuit of an occupation which in the end leads the aspirant merely to an uncertain glory; it has proved a source of wonder in my own mind, that so many have been found bold enough to venture upon the culture of an art so fraught with disagreeables; an art in which few (of the great mass of actors) ever render them decidedly eminent; and yet the number of youthful candidates that stand forward ready to brave every danger attending a theatrical career, is immense.

The life of an actor presents to the youthful and more superficial observer, charms of no ordinary degree of interest; for there is no profession that holds so much sway or takes such firm possession of the youthful mind, as that of acting; but then it must be allowed, they look merely to the pleasures of the occupation, without duly (or even giving a thought, or in the least measure) weighing the infinite degree of anxiety, and wretchedness, generally found to exist among the bulk of the profession.

That an actor's life, is one of great anxiety, cannot reasonably be disputed, when it is seen how quickly public taste and opinion veers. An actor for a time becomes the very idol of the public, he is flattered by the great, his praise is resounded to almost every corner of the country, and his performances (for a time) attended by all the rank, beauty and fashion, this gay metropolis can boast; but this lasts no longer than while his charms are new, and possess the claim of novelty, when that is past, and public curiosity

is gratified, we find him fast sinking into " cold and silent neglect."

The prejudices that have existed against actors, have within this half century materially abated, the minds of individuals in general have become expanded, and learning having given an antidote, they partook sparingly for a time of the fruit that had been so long prohibited, and finding no ill effects arise from the repast, returned to the feast with an increased desire ; they thus by degrees, not only lost all the horror they used to entertain for this interdicted region, but acquired that strong yet chastensd admiration of its many beauties which they have ever since continued to display.

Of the state of public opinion in our sister country (Scotland) with respect to the stage, about seventy years back, the following extract from JACKSON'S history will furnish a striking picture.

" No man of substance would step forward to promote the erection of a fabric, for the representation of profane pieces, excommunicated by the church and interdicted by law. Or could it have been possible to find a master builder, hardy enough, in the face of the church's ban, to have encountered both the risk and the censure, which by the erecting a building for the purpose of a theatre, he must have laid his account with, I scarcely think a journeyman could have been procured, bold enough to have handled a chissel or a hammer, in forwarding *the profane work* ; nor even to have erected a bench,

Where giggling girls and powder'd fops might sit,
And crowd the house for *Satans benefit*.

Even the accommodation of a roof was looked upon by the wary landlord as too great a hazard, where the owner was assured by his enthusiastic pastors that the Devil would be personified beneath it, and that the whole would vanish away in a flash of fire."

By the foregoing extract will be clearly seen, the foolish and absurd, prejudices existing against an entertainment and profession, which has been so warmly eulogised by the great Earl of CHESTERFIELD, in the following sentence, " A well governed stage, is an ornament to society, an

encouragement to art and learning, and a school of virtue, modesty and good manners."

It is however strongly asserted that the stage is far from being well governed; that it is still, as it has ever been, a school of vice, and that the actors lead very intemperate and debauched lives.

That the stage is entirely free from vice, cannot certainly be acknowledged, but that actors have within these few years, increased widely in their *moral spirit*, is a fact that will not be denied.

Many eminent actors there are, whose *private conduct* reflects the highest honour on their *public station*. And it must be allowed they now lead as sober and discreet lives, as men in their situation, can ever be expected to do.

Such Mr. DRAMA, are the few observations I have to offer on the part of those, who in so great a degree, contribute to our intellectual enjoyment, and form one of the most useful and important arts of civilized life.

May 2, 1822.

E. DURHAM.

DISSERTATION

ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY,

Resumed from Page 337.

To affirm as many who have more learning than judgment will, that there are no good tragedies but the ancient, is the affectation of scholastic pedantry; to deny them their deserved applause, and treat them with ridicule and contempt is, on the other hand, the effect of modern pride, ignorance, and petulancy. Upon the whole, French, Italian, Spanish, and German critics, may perhaps find some excuse for their severe animadversions on the ancient Greek Tragedy; it may exercise their envy, and find employment for their spleen and illnature, as they have nothing of their own to put in competition with it; but Englishmen should be above such envy and malevolence, because they can boast a dramatic writer superior to all that antiquity ever produced; we may safely join with the most sanguine

partizans of **ÆSCHYLUS**, **SOPHOCLES**, and **EURIPIDES**, in the sincerest admiration of their several excellencies, and rejoice within ourselves to see them all united and surpassed, in the immortal and inimitable **SHAKSPEARE**.—

Comedy, as well as Tragedy, owed its origin to a kind of rude song; tragedy to the dithyrambick, and comedy to the phallica; and each of them began to form themselves into dramatic imitations; each studied to adopt a measure suited to their purpose:—Tragedy, the more lofty, chose the tetrameter; and comedy, which aimed at familiarity, the iambic.—But as the stile of tragedy improved, nature herself, says **ARISTOTLE**, directed the writers to abandon the capering tetrameter, and to embrace that measure which was most accommodated to the purposes of dialogue; whence the iambic became the common measure of Tragedy and Comedy.

Some of the tragedies of **SOPHOCLES**, and more of **EURIPIDES**, have escaped the wreck of Grecian literature; but none of the Greek legitimate comedies, unless those of **ARISTOPHANES** be such, have come entire down to our times.—Yet even from those, as well as from the fragments of *Menander*, *Philemon*, &c. it is evident, that measure was supposed to be as necessary to comedy as tragedy.

In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the usage of Greece was religiously observed at Rome.—**PLAUTUS**, in his richest vein of humour, is numerous and poetical; and the Comedies of **TERENCE** were evidently not written without regard to measure.—The comic poets indeed, indulged themselves in many licences; but the particular character of the measure, used by those authors, as may be gathered from **HORACE**, was its familiarity, and near approach to common conversation.

By the ancients then, it is evident, that measure was alwas considered essential to comedy; nor has it always been thought improper amongst the moderns. Our neighbours, the French, seem to have imagined mere prose to be too little elevated for the language of the theatre. Even to this day, they write their plays, comedies as well as tragedies, in verse; and the excellent "*Avare*," (*Miser*) of **MOLIERE**, had nearly failed of the applause it deserved, by being written in prose. In our own nation, **SHAKSPEARE**,

JOHNSON, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MASSINGER, SHIRLEY, and all our old writers, used blank verse in their comedies; of which practice, it is too little to say it needs no apology. It deserves the highest commendation, since it hath been the means of introducing the most capital beauties into their compositions; while the same species of excellence could not enter into the comedies of a later period, when the Muse had constrained herself to walk the stage in humble prose.

It should not however be understood from hence, that any objection is made to the use of prose in comedy, or that it is insinuated, our modern pieces, taken altogether, are the worse for being written in that style.

The ancient drama was, as a spectacle, extremely different from the modern, and on the stage approached nearer to the genius of our opera, than tragedy or comedy; which circumstance, if duly considered, might have prevented a deal of idle disputation concerning the propriety of a chorus. The ancient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with music; ARISTOTLE mentions music as one of the six parts of tragedy; and we know from HORACE, that the alterations in the drama, music and decorations, kept pace with each other; and that, in process of time, as the Roman theatres were enlarged, they became more rich and full.

As to the habits of actors, it is plain from DONATUS, that they were in general suited to the customs of the time and country, to the sex, age, and condition of the several characters. Some particulars, however, in their dress, essentially distinguish the ancient players, from those on a modern stage; namely, the buskin, the sock and the mask. The buskin was a kind of high-heel'd boot, worn only by the tragedians, as the sock, was a sort of sandal, peculiar to the actors in comedy—every player wore a mask. It is plain, as MADAM DACIER observes, that it was not like the modern mask, which covers only the face, but inclosed the whole head, and had false hair fastened to it, agreeable to the visage and complexion of the fore-part. The mask was called *persona*, from *persenare*, to sound through; being so formed, as to enlarge the voice and convey it to a greater distance; a contrivance which the vast extent of

the ancient theatres rendered extremely necessary. For the same reasons, the features pourtrayed on the vizard were so much aggravated beyond the proportion of those drawn by the hand of nature. It must be confessed that the moderns, in these instances, have infinitely the advantage ; and that by contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have abated the magnificence of the spectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and simplicity of theatrical representation.

May 20, 1822.

JUVENIS.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

“The *Stage* is one great source of public amusement, not to say instruction. A good play well acted passes away a whole evening delightfully, at a certain period of life ; agreeably at all times ; we read the account of it next morning with pleasure, and it generally furnishes one leading topic of conversation for the afternoon.” HAZLITT.

May 6th.—King Lear.—Giovanni in London.

7.—Duenna—Sleeping Draught.

8.—Love in a Village—The Farmer [Benefit of Mr. HARLEY.] Mr. HARLEY supported the character of *Deborah Woodcock*—and he excited throughout, immense applause and laughter, particularly in the first introduction, when he made his obeisances in character to the audience. Miss FORDE appeared for the first time as *Rosetta*, and executed her songs in fine style, and Mr. BRAHAM was in admirable voice. The house was crowded to excess.

9.—Clandestine Marriage—No Song, No Supper.

Mr. W. WEST appeared in the character of *Lord Ogleby*, for the first time on this stage. The attempt was one of considerable hazard, from the difficulty of overcoming prepossessions in favour of long established fame. But notwithstanding this disadvantage, Mr. WEST was eminently

successful, whether his performance stand upon its own merits, or be judged by a comparison with others. He looked, dressed, and walked the character admirably. He conceived completely, and executed faithfully, his conception of the arduous varieties which constitute the character of this antiquated beau; but that which calls for the greatest praise, is the nice discrimination which he evinced in delineating his constant struggles of personal vanity with the occasional pangs of emaciated decrepitude. Mr. WEST was loudly applauded throughout, and if in other characters he should display equal powers, there can be no doubt he will prove a great acquisition to this theatre.

10.—Macbeth—Paul and Virginia.

11.—Guy Mannering—Katherine and Petruchio.

13.—Hamlet—Giovanni in London.

14.—Love in a village—Farmer.

15.—Siege of Belgrade—Mons. Tonson. The performances were by command of His Majesty, who visited the theatre.

16.—A New Way to pay Old Debts—Paul and Virginia.

17.—Town and Country—Giovanni in London.

18.—John Bull—A Concert—Two Strings to Your Bow.

These entertainments were given for the relief of the distressed peasantry in Ireland—and although Mr. JOHNSTONE, so many years the favourite representative of *Brulgruddery*, appeared on the occasion, and SIGNOR AMBROGETTI—DOWTON, and RUSSEL also volunteered their services, we regret to say the house was very thinly attended.

20.—Henry VIII.—Boarding House.—[Benefit of Mess. COOPER and KNIGHT.]

Mr. KEAN appeared for the first time in the character of *Wolsey*. This character affords a very limited opportunity for the display of his peculiar powers, and therefore the most complete success could add little to his fame; but if a perfect delineation be all that was desired, that object is attained. The secret springs by which the actions of that artful and subtle politician were regulated, he fully conceived and faithfully exhibited. Haughty and ambitious, with the affectation of humility, he contrived to raise him-

self from the lowest beginnings to the highest pitch of individual splendour ; and yet with such apparent indifference to the honours of his station, that his extraordinary elevation, seemed rather the reward of his personal talents and virtues, than the result of cunning and intrigue. An undeviating perseverance in this line of policy forms almost the sole distinguishing mark of his character, and Mr. K. was eminently successful in preserving this studied uniformity. Mrs. W. WEST, in painting the unbending fortitude of the unfortunate discarded wife of *Henry*, and her calm resignation to her unmerited fate, completely embodied the sentiments of the immortal author

21.—Wonder—Lock and Key.—[Benefit of Miss TIDSWELL.]

This evening Mr. KEAN appeared for the first time as *Don Felix*, for the benefit of an actress, who has for forty years filled a subordinate situation in the theatre with respectability, and who now took her final leave of the stage. The part which Mr. K. so good naturedly studied for this occasion, has, perhaps, derived an extrinsic interest from having been the last which GARRICK acted. It amuses rather from the whimsical situations in which the passion of jealousy is excited than from any peculiar skill in the delineation of the passion itself, and therefore does not offer very high opportunities to the performer. Mr. KEAN played it in a very natural and agreeable style, touching it very lightly and gently, and scarcely ever reminding us of his tragedy. He appeared quite at his ease, and gave the transitions from security to alarm, from rage to tenderness, and from affection to doubt, with great truth, yet without overstepping the fair bounds of comedy. His manner of soothing *Violante*, as he gradually bent his knee at her feet, in the last act, was really beautiful, and he begged her to give him her hand at parting in an irresistible tone. His scene of affected drunkenness was admirable, and particularly enjoyed by the audience. At the end of the play, before the curtain fell, he walked to the side scene, and led Miss T. forward, who, supported and encouraged by him, addressed two or three sentences expressive of her gratitude, which the public had shown for forty years to one of the humblest of their servants, and which cheered her at the

moment of her retirement from the stage. She then paid her last respects to the house, amid their hearty applause, and the curtain fell.

- 22.—Henry VIII.—Monsieur Tonson.
- 23.—Busy Body—Paul and Virginia.
- 24.—Heir at Law—Past Ten o'Clock.
- 25.—Whitsun Eve—No Performance.
- 27.—Richard III.—Giovanni in London.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

April 23rd.—Comedy of Errors—Cherry and Fair Star.

24.—Rivals—Ibid.

25.—Lord of the Manor—Ibid.

26.—School for Scandal—Ibid.

27.—Julius Cæsar—Ibid.

29.—Virginius—Ibid.

30.—Love in a Village—Ibid.

May 1st.—She stoops to Conquer—Ibid.

2.—Julius Cæsar—Ibid.

3.—Lord of the Manor—Ibid.

4.—Slave—Ibid.

The part of *Gambia* was performed by Mr. CONNOR, (in consequence of Mr. MACREADY's being suddenly taken ill) with very considerable success. *Gambia* is the character upon which the principal interest of the piece depends; it requires extreme feeling and judgment to give it effect; and Mr. CONNOR seemed to rise above his usual powers as if inspired with the genius of him whom he substituted. In many parts he obtained great and merited applause, and has given assurance that his talents entitle him to a much higher walk in the drama than that which he usually occupies. There are few dramatic entertainments that collect together so much of the talent of the company as "*The Slave*." JONES, EMERY, LISTON, and BLANCHARD, represent characters well suited to their respective abilities; and Miss STEPHENS never looks more interesting, or imparts

more of the delight of her enchanting voice, than in the character of *Zelinda*.

6.—Julius Cæsar—Ibid.

7.—Comedy of Errors—Ibid.

8.—King Lear—Ibid.

Mr. YOUNG performed *Lear* for the first time. Mr. KEAN has so long worn the crown and swayed the sceptre of this unhappy monarch, that we began to think he would always retain undisputed possession. However, Mr. Y. resolved to share the honours, and if in his first attempt he has not completely succeeded in proving his title, the least that can be said of this powerful effort is, that there stands a formidable rival near the throne. The character of *Lear* affords a fine field for the display of dramatic powers, and in delineating the successive scenes of sorrow and affliction, Mr. Y. left nothing to desire. The scene between him and his daughter, when he is first stung by her ingratitude, and invokes the maledictions of heaven upon her offending head, he depicted with the most terrific fidelity. It produced an effect which completely thrilled the soul. And his pathetic powers were never more happily exercised than when he made his tender and affecting appeal to his daughter *Cordelia*, the only resting-place on which his heart could repose in the midst of his accumulated sorrows. There were no sudden ebullitions of genius which excited temporary admiration, and then subsided into calm: the performance was unique and grand throughout.

9.—Henry IV.—Ibid.—[Benefit of Mr. C. KEMBLE.]

10.—Julius Cæsar—Ibid.

11.—The LAW of JAVA, [1st time]—Raising the Wind,

This new play is from the pen of GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger, and is a most delightful and effective comedy. It is replete with incident of the most striking character, and although frequent change of scene is necessary for the clear development of the plot—the interest is never for a moment suspended. The plot which is highly interesting, is founded on the traditionary tales of the fatal effects of the Upas Tree, the poisonous exhalations of which infect the atmosphere for a considerable distance round it. It is supposed not only to destroy all vegetation, but even to extend its baneful and withering influence to the destruction of ani-

mal life. It was formerly used by the cruel tyrants of Java to poison the arrows of their soldiers; but as few could be found who for the highest reward would risk their own lives to obtain it, a law was passed, holding out a delusive hope of life to all criminals condemned to death, if they brought back a portion of this fatal tree; but very few as might be expected, passed through this dreadful ordeal.—For as the story goes—

“It’s leperous distilment
Holds such enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alley’s of the body;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood.”(1)

(1) These traditions have been celebrated by the muse of DARWIN, and have been affirmed by so many writers, that they have been always considered as facts, until the whole was exploded by Sir THOMAS RAFFLES in his valuable work on Java.

The following are DARWIN’s beautiful lines :—

“Where seas of glass with gay reflections smile
Round the green coasts of Java’s palmy isle,
A spacious plain extends its upland scene,
Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between;
Soft zephyrs blow, eternal summers reign,
And showers prolific bless the soil—in vain!—
No spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
Nor towering plaintain shades the mid-day vales;
No grassy mantle hides the sable hills,
No flowery chaplet crowns the trickling rills;
Nor tufted moss, nor leathery lichen creeps,
In russet tapestry o’er the crumbling steeps,—
No step retreating, on the sand impress’d
Invites the visit of a second guest;
No reflux-fin the unpeopled stream divides,
No revolant pinion cleaves the airy tides;
Nor handed moles, nor beaked worms return
That mining pass, the irremeable bourn.

This is the fable, the following is a slight sketch of its application in the play :—

A horde of pirates make a descent upon the island of Macassar, in the Indian seas, and in an affray with the inhabitants, carry off the lovely *Zaide*, [Miss M. TREE] the wife of *Parbaya*, [Mr. YOUNG] one of the natives. The beautiful captive is straight conveyed to the Haram of the *Emperor of Java*, [Mr. ABBOTT] but with the most inviolable fidelity she resists his solicitations. Her husband discovers the place of her confinement, and obtains an interview through the window of her apartment. He is seized on his return by the guards of the Haram, and brought in chains before the tyrant. In vain he pleads the rights of a husband—in vain he details his unhappy story, his violent separation from the wife of his bosom, the inhuman murder of her infant son before the eyes of the agonised mother. The cruel despot condemns *Parbaya* to death, but holds out

Fierce in dread silence—on the blasted heath,
Fell UPAS sits—the HYDRA-TREE of death !
Lo ! from one root, the envenomed soil below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow ;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
O'er ten-square leagues his far diverging heads ;
Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses in the storm.
Steeped in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart ;
Snatch the proud eagle tow'ring o'er the heath,
Or pounce the lion, as he stalks beneath ;
Or strew, as marshall'd hosts contend in vain,
With human skeletons the whiten'd plain.—
Chain'd at his root two scion-dæmons dwell,
Breathe the faint hiss, or try the shriller yell ;
Rise, fluttering in the air, on callow wings,
And aim at insect-prey their little stings.
So time's strong arms with sweeping acythe erase,
Arts' cumbrous works, and empires, from their base ;
While each young hour its fickle fire employs,
And crops the sweet buds of domestic joys !"

Loves of the Plants, III. line 258.

to him the dreadful alternative of going in search of the poison of the Upas tree. The wretched prisoner is consigned to the care of *Hans Gayvelt*, [Mr. JONES] nephew to the Commandant of the Dutch East India Company, [Mr. FAWCETT] stationed at Java, who treats him with all possible humanity. By him he is informed, that should he return home safe with the poison, it was the intention of the *Emperor* to administer it to *Zaide*. He therefore instantly resolves to die sooner than be instrumental to his wife's destruction. During her imprisonment, *Zaide* forms an attachment to *Nourjadhee*, [Miss STEPHENS] one of the loveliest inmates of the Haram, and through her means obtains a last interview with her disconsolate husband before his departure on his dreadful mission. *Parbaya* at length sets out, and is conveyed to *Orzinga*, [Mr. YATES] (a Mahometan priest) whose duty it was to prepare criminals for their expedition. *Orzinga* proves to be his father, whose wife had been betrayed by a false friend, and afterwards surrendered to destruction. He remonstrates with him upon the cowardice of effecting his own death, and encourages him to bear up against misfortunes. They are now arrived at the precincts of that pernicious region, whose fields were laid waste by the pestilential Upas tree, when *Hans Gayvelt* hurries with breathless anxiety to inform him that his faithful *Zaide*, having rejected the renewed overtures of the *Emperor*, was sentenced to immediate death. This intelligence renders *Parbaya* senseless; but recovering from the shock, he perceives at a distance an unhappy wretch coming towards them who had the day previous set out on the journey, and was now returning with the poison, but overcome by the power of the destructive tree, he falls dead before them. *Parbaya* rushes with eagerness to get possession of the poison, and flies to the court of the *Emperor*, which he reaches at the moment that *Zaide* is brought forth to the place of execution. His father accompanies him, and informs the *Emperor*, that, by one of the ancient laws of Java, the criminal who returns with the poison of the Upas, not only redeems his own life, but is entitled to demand any favour he pleases. *Parbaya* instantly demands the preservation of his wife; the *Emperor* reluctantly consents, and *Zaide* is snatched from the

grasp of death and restored to the arms of her affectionate husband.

From this story it will be seen that the play is an interesting one—the incidents are very striking, and have a due connexion with each other, and the whole gradually develops itself. The dialogue is free and unembarrassed ; the allusions are apt and familiar ; and the occasional attempts at wit, although not of the most elevated character, never degenerate into coarseness. The piece has been got up on a scale of much magnificence ; and in point of acting there is nothing to be desired. Miss STEPHENS sang, “ *Love in a vale, where a streamlet ran,*” (a very happy composition) in a strain of soft melody which it is much easier to feel than describe. In the performance of *Zaida*, Miss TREE discovered new qualities of a very high character. Her elegant person, her enchanting tones, and well-regulated taste have long attracted admiration ; but we think it was reserved for her present character to call for those convincing proofs of true dramatic genius—those tender touches of impassioned feeling, which she displayed all through the performance. Her farewell parting with her husband, before he sets out on his hazardous journey, which presented so slight a hope of return, was as pure a specimen of genuine pathos as could be exhibited. She touched the true chord of pity in every heart, and awakened the sympathies of all who beheld her. Mr. YOUNG’s character afforded him a fine field for the display of his extraordinary powers. The unbending spirit of an injured husband in the presence of the tyrant was finely portrayed—but he imparted most delight when he poured expressions of love and tenderness for his unhappy wife. LISTON, (as *Pengoose*) had a part admirably suited to the display of his rare humour. He is a soldier in the Dutch service, of rather a literary turn of mind which displays itself in his constant practise of making *mems.* and *nota benes* of the principal events which come under his cognizance. The other actors were highly applauded—and Mr. YOUNG announced the play for repetition amidst the greatest approbation.

13.—Law of Java—Ibid.

14.—Ibid—Ibid.

15.—Exile—Ibid.—[Benefit of Mr. FAWCETT.]

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- 16.—Law of Java—Ibid.
 17.—Ibid—Ibid.—[By command of His MAJESTY.]
 18.—Ibid—Ibid.
 20.—Ibid—Ibid.
 21.—King John—Inkle and Yarico.—[Benefit of Mr. YOUNG.]
 22.—Julius Cæsar—Ibid.
 23.—Law of Java—Ibid.
 24.—Don John—Cymon.—[Benefit of Miss STEPHENS.]
 25.—Selection of Music.
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THE RISING(1) OF THE WAVES, (NOT THE RISING OF THE LIGHTS.)

Bella! horrida Bella!"

THE sovereignty of the seas has long been the boast of England; and it is not extraordinary that the stage, which we all know from many good authorities to be the copy, the imitation, the *speculum*, as it were, of the real world, should partake, in some consensient degree, of the aqueous claims, wars, and accidents of the country. A remarkable instance of this occurred a week or so ago at Covent Garden Theatre.

Almost every (dramatical) body has seen the pompous pageant of "*Cherry and Fair Star*," in which an ancient ship sails into the port of Cyprus, amid the shouts of the Cyprians, the plaudits of the British spectators, and the well-contrived rolling of the Mediterranean. Probably few, however, are aware of the means employed to cause this natural heaving of the mighty waters, this surge beating against the towers of Cyprus, and this tossing of the gilded galley of Greece. It will hardly be believed that the whole is accomplished by about thirty boys tumbling under a sheet of painted canvass—but so it is. These *submarine* performers, whose exertions have always been crowned with *roars* of applause, could not, it seems, escape from

(1) Our printer's devil thinks this should be read "the *Falling* of the waters."

the mania of retrenchment which is the prevailing endemick of our times. One of the new managers, *Captain FORBES*, (hence denominated by the discontented, "*Sixpenny FORBES*") took it into his head that the salary of the waves videlicet a shilling a-head was too high. Even SHAKS-PEARE'S "*Tempest*" and "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," ought to be got up in a less expensive form; and he resolved to have his *boys*(1) in the water at six-pence a piece. This horrible determination being communicated to the waves, was particularly salt to them; they curled up their nostrils at it, and appeared ready to swallow up the hateful propounder. Had he wielded NEPTUNE'S trident, they would not have obeyed him; and two-thirds of the Mediterranean immediately ran dry—affording a striking proof of the difference between that sea and the *Pacific*. A fearful storm ensued, such as the *Captain*, though an old and good sailor, had never witnessed before!—He could no longer spread his canvass, to the breeze: and as for lacking his vessel into port, it was not to be hoped for without the tax of another kind. Like all British seamen, he was nevertheless firm; and rather than be drained himself, he washed his hands of them, and ordered the mutinous waves to be poured into the street. The fluids offered a solid resistance, but in vain; they were displaced, and a new set of sixpenny waves procured to secure overflowing audiences. It was on Thursday, 2d May, that this memorable event happened, and that this great unconscious metropolis was exposed to all the horrors of inundation from the *Mediterranean sea*! In the adjacent streets and courts, Hart Street, Bow Street, and Covent Garden market, the rebellious billows, boiled and lashed themselves into fury! About midnight the tempest was at its height; and when the SEA OF SIX-PENCE rolled out upon the SHILLING SEA, a dreadful conflict ensued, and "great was the war of words!" There is a tide in the affairs of boys, as well as in the affairs of men; and here it was exemplified both at flood and ebb. Mr. T. MOOKE'S beautiful melody of "*The Meeting of the Waters*," was not to be compared to this meeting! The insurgent surges prevailed, and the last poor representatives of waves

(1) Quære—*buoys*—printer's devil.

which washed the *classic* shores of Greece, were precipitated upon the (*common*) shore, whence their *reflux* resembled nothing so nearly as that of the *Euxine* or *Black Sea*.

A *calm* followed: and upon *re-agitating* the matter in all its bearings, and re-considering all its *fluctuations*, the *naval commander* found that it would be wisdom to *yield* to a *current* which he could not resist. The *original waves*, at the *original prices*, (1) again *roll* under the *meridian* of FAIR STAR; and the *crew* that *hankered* (2) after *shillings*, now *perform* their *voyage* in merriment and content. Occasionally, (it is true) a *wave* protruding *his head*, is *visible* during the *warping* of the *Galley* into Cyprus—and a *voice* as if from the *bottomless abyss*, is heard demanding a renewed assurance from *Captain FORBES*, that while the *sea rises*, he will not think of a *fall*; but it is upon the whole satisfactory to know that harmony is so completely established, as to leave no apprehension on the public mind, that this scene will not continue to be re-acted, even

“Amid the wreck of worlds.”

The above laughable article on this “sixpenny subject,” was inserted in the “*Literary Gazette*,” of Saturday; and drew forth the following reply from some facetious correspondent:—

THE BEATING OF THE WATERS.

“I sing a song o’ six-pence.”

Old Ballad.

MR. EDITOR,

THEY jest at scars who never felt a wound; and those enjoying themselves over the bottle, can shrug up their shoulders very composedly while the wind howls by; thus

(1) Our aforesaid *Printer’s devil*, who by the bye is a “*cunning little Isaac*,” considers this as a second triumph over the Covent Garden *Leviathans*—who, he says, are fond of *floundering* in “*muddy waters*.”—We suppose he alludes to the O.P. war.

Ed.

(2) *Quære*—*anchored*—printer’s devil.

the *turmoil* of us poor little *waves*, seems to you an excellent joke. You pique yourself on your impartiality; so, as you gave an account of the *rising* of the waters, pray give one of the *falling*, for fall we did under repeated *blows*. (1) Relate not only what *sailed* on us, but what *assailed* us—not what was *anchored* in us, or *encored* on us—not the *rising*, or the *meeting*, but the *beating* of the waters. The *adverse waves* rushed so furiously upon us, that we were soon changed from the Euxine or *Black sea*, into a *Red sea*, and almost a *Dead sea*. The *spray*, (*spree*) encreased; the *hard blows* drove some of the smaller *waves* high up the *Strand*, and not *crabs*, but *crabsticks*, followed their course, accompanied by huge black *whales*. It was an *Auster* (*austere*) wind which brought this overflow upon us; and as we *rolled* on, not *lashing* the *shore*, but being *lashed* we *roared* so tremendously, that we might have been heard from *over the Dee*, to *D-over*. There was no *port* at hand, but the *claret* flowed plentifully,—and FAIR STAR was any thing but *fair* to us, for we never *rolled* under a less propitious planet. Our turbulent adversaries may urge, that they did not mind being beaten by *oars*; but to be *beaten down* from one *ore* to another; i. e. from *silver* to *copper*, was too bad even for *sixpenny FORBES*; and certainly the poor reduced, and much more the turned-off *waves* deserved commiseration. But I am afraid you must have sometime wished to *waive* this subject; and although I feel deeply for myself, and also for the silenced part of the element, I will conclude without more wavering,

A SIXPENNY WAVE.

With the following which appeared in one of the Sunday newspapers, we shall wind up this light article.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

WE have noticed the dreadful concussion of waters at Covent Garden theatre, on the 2d inst. and we have also stated

(1) We are afraid to refuse, lest, in the new order of things, when *waves* write, the *waters* should *dam* us. ED-

the resolution of *Sixpenny* FORBES's *Shilling Sea* to *overwhelm* every *pacific wave* that should presume to obstruct its determined *course*—or, in other words, that they were resolved no radical roars of Retrenchment should be re-echoed by the running rills of Reform. But the *views* of the said *Sixpenny Captain* have not hitherto been discovered; and it is now our pleasing task to *clear away* the *haze* of delusion in which this circumstance is *shrouded*, and to show, that whilst he *hauled in upon the weather brace* of extravagance, he *spun a long yarn* upon the subject of CHARITY; and although in his *dead reckoning* he *ran a point or two to leeward*, yet, his object was to *clear the cape of Corruption*, and *bring up in the bay of Benevolence*. Feeling—we do not mean the *expense*, but—for those who had been *taken aback* in the *squall* of misfortune, his *naval soul* but sought to *fetch up the lee way* of the luckless; and by whose efforts he proposed to reduce the *Shilling sea* into a mere *Sixpenny Current*.

We have already said—to speak in theatric phrase, the aforesaid *sixpenny Captain*, (for by this appellation he is as well known upon the stage, as he was by his *iron-bound hat* whilst *hailing the main-top to the quarter-deck*) has been a *sailor*; and therefore he very naturally concluded that he understood somewhat more of steering a vessel through a *boisterous sea*, than a *mob of land lubbers*, who scarcely knew the *main tack* from the *Captain's cpaulette*. Well, urged by a laudable zeal in which his *nautical experience* was so deeply concerned, he determined, not only to *pilot* his little *galley* into port, but, like the Hero who proudly determined to controul—as the Marquis of LONDONDERRY would say—“*the fluidity of the aquæous element*, by chaining the Hellespont”—so, but *without chains*, did the *sixpenny Captain* resolve on commanding the fluctuations of the Mediterranean; and ordered his *chief mate*, *Mister Thurston*, to *impress into his service* all the *minor streams* he could come *athwart*. *Mister Thurston* accordingly got *under weigh*, and *steering to the northward*, he lay to at *St. Giles's Workhouse*; from whence he brought off a *full complement* of miserable little *Sixpenny waves*! Here, then, was philanthropy personified!—and the children of poverty, prone to first impressions, urtrayed

him as their *Polar Star*. This nautical Neptune wished not to sully his sea by an increase of corrupt influence, but whilst Conscientiousness was his Conductor, Benevolence was his Beacon.

An unexpected storm, however, arose, owing to the little auxiliary streams thus "gathered together" by the chief mate, Mister Thurston, not having "been taught to flow" at rehearsal; and therefore it was deemed expedient to mingle the said six-penny streams with the great shilling Mediterranean Sea, until the former should be sufficiently competent to ebb and flow of themselves. And here we must remind our readers of what we have before said upon this subject—viz. That in the piece alluded to (*Cherry and Fair Star*) the waters hove up "their blue smiling faces," as Sir John CARR says, by means of forty or fifty boys working up their shoulders and elbows under a piece of painted canvass; and in (or rather under) this terrific abyss the dreadful warfare of the great and little waves commenced.

On the evening stated, it was observed that several of the sixpenny billows were in a wrong latitude; yet this was not owing to unskilful seamanship in the sixpenny Captain, but solely in consequence of that portion of the great shilling sea which was kept flowing for the purpose of bringing the lesser waters into their wake, and which, making a tremendous reflux, nearly swallowed them up in the vortex of their own impetuosity—whilst the Orchestra, chuckling at the decided victory over the sixpennyworths significantly struck up

"The foaming waves triumphant rise."

The Sixpenny Shipper hauled his wind, and the storm abated, but the Mediterranean, a determined enemy of retrenchment, was rolled out of the Theatre into the street—the running streams shortly followed, which, however, could not run fast enough to prevent them from being driven on a lee-shore by their adversaries, who, after annihilating their pretensions as a sea, drove them again into St. Giles's Workhouse, where they ungratefully cursed the folly of "*Sixpenny Forbes*."

 MINOR DRAMA.

 SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

 THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS,

Was spoken by MR. EGERTON, on the opening of this Theatre, on Easter-Monday.

WRITTEN BY MR. GREENWOOD.

Once more, my friends, most cordially I greet you,
 Prepared with novelty, you'll find, to meet you;
 From winter camps, where sombre colours fly;
 Return'd to favourite quarters,—here am I.
 Pleas'd with my mission, by the general sent
 To bid you welcome to our summer tent;
 Which, since your seats last season you vacated,
 With new devices has been decorated,—
 We trust improv'd; tho' gay, yet neat and chaste;
 Look round, my friends, and say—d'ye like our taste?
 Except the *lining*, all is fresh and new,
 And *that*, we thought, 'twas best to leave to *you*.
 Our troops we've mustered from the camp of *Comus*,
 Led into action by Field Marshal *MOMUS*.
 Should grave *MELPOMENE* your tears beguile,
 Her sprightlier sister's near to make you smile.
 For though no tears you shed o'er *Juliet's* bier,
Madge Wildfire's woes may still meet pity here.
 We will not vauntingly make great professions;
 Nor do we promise *pie-balls* or processions:
 How can we *here* aspire to make a *hit*,
 By marching gorgeous pageants thro' the pit?
 No troop of horse—alas! poor simple tonies!
 We only boast a troop of Shetland ponies.
 "No Juggler here, with stomach like a storks,
 To swallow swords, and sup on knives and forks."
 No *curtain*, made of *glass*, at great expense;
 Be ours the task to drive *reflection* hence.
 Chase the *Blue Devils*, should they dare to rise,
 And *raise* for your amusement fresh supplies.

"Alas ! how altered is the BRITISH STAGE !
 Splendour and novelty the town engage.
 Dramatic authors, now, their works may bury,
Floor'd by those dashing heroes TOM and JERRY.
 Should these Corinthians live, I'll take a bet,
 Our modern bards will be in the *Gazette* ;
 Take for their benefit (a serious fact)
 A piece much hackney'd the *Insolvent Act*."
 A spree's the thing, with potent port made merry,
 "Go it, BOB LOGIC"—"Keep it up," cries JERRY.
 Smash go the lamps, all shiver'd at a blow,
 And in the kennel lies each prostrate foe ;
 No way but this left to obtain renown,
 Kick up a row, and knock the *Charley's* down !
 To-night, my friends, this modern taste to meet,
 We show you JERRY at his country seat :
 Then up to town transport the rustic beau,
 And shew him "LIFE IN LONDON—*high and low*.
 But with this novelty we've not neglected
 Your pantomimic sprite—still here expected ;
 Your love of fun and frolic, in dumb show,
 Remains the same as fifty years ago ;
 When *Doctor Faustus* played the very deuce,
 With famous *Mother Shipton, Bunch, and Goose*.
 And if beneath this roof they re-appear,
 Tho' aged grown, and somewhat worse for wear,
 Be civil to them, your indulgence grant,
 And to the ancient ladies be gallant ;
 For if from cramps and pains they feel some twitching,
 They yet have charms, I hope to prove *bewitching*.
 Give them a friendly call, and grace our dome,
 Mirth and good humour will be found "*At Home*."
 Listen, ye damsels,—for to you I speak ;
 O ! make your sweethearts bring you *once* a week :
 "If no aquatic piece this year we show,
 I know you wish our *Wells* may *overflow*."

Now to our task :—with you we leave our cause,
 Our labour well repaid by your applause.



COBOURG THEATRE.

The following Address was Spoken by MISS TAYLOR, at the re-opening of the Royal Cobourg Theatre, on Wednesday, December 26, 1821.

WRITTEN BY — MACFARREN, ESQ.

To me our Manager, with heart sincere,
Confides the task to bid you welcome here :
Me, who so oft, howe'er my merit stands,
Have felt the generous welcome of your hands :
I still with rapture find your smiles so pleasant
Follow from my old quarters to my present.
Is our house warm enough, and can you see ?
I hear you oft—pray now can you hear me ?

And now, our foremost tribute paid where due,
For our good manager I'll say a word or two.

In ancient time, when Greece and Rome held sway,
And Arts and Learning rang'd in bright array,
Genius combined, to bid vast temples rise,
In honour of their fabled Deities.
In purer zeal, that never yet can roam,
An ardent vot'ry rais'd this humble dome ;
Not to despotic ignorance bows he,
Not to a marble godship bends his knee ;
But with devotion, glowing, pure, and true,
This fane he proudly dedicates to you !
And following up the rule of his devotion,
Our High-Priest Manager has cross'd the ocean ;
Cull'd all that's choice and costly to combine,
A grateful offering at this favor'd shrine :
To make assurance of his zeal most certain,
This night he promptly shews the fam'd GLASS CURTAIN !

The giant houses, 'tother side the water,
Who give to our humility no quarter,
Say, nought but nonsense lurks within our portals,
And call our heroes monsters, and not mortals ;

And henceforth to astound these native elves,
 Our portraits must be true, for you'll behold yourselves!
 Here, shall soft beauty lavish all her grace,
 And view the smiling dimples on her face;
 Here, shall the beau, in languid haste repair
 Adjust his cravat, and arrange his hair:
 "Bless me!" cries one, "just look in yonder niche,
 "That face is so like mine, I can't tell which is which!"
 Up starts another, and exclaims with glee,
 "Why that's our Poll, and yes—sure—yes, that's me!"
 In short, our friends will cunning grow as foxes,
 Nought will be secret—no, not e'en those Boxes.
 Hence then dull green, for ever distant pass,
 Strike, music strike—behold our magic glass!

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

ABERDEEN THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

In reading your excellent Magazine, I have been much pleased by your occasionally noticing the state of the Stage in the country. In consequence of which, I am induced to offer you a few remarks which I made *en passant* amongst our Caledonian neighbours, during a tour of pleasure in the highlands, and in other parts of Scotland, during the months of February and March, months not very felicitously chosen for mountain *scenery*, but which had this advantage, that it drove me to the contemplation of *scenery* a little more in your way Mr. DRAMA—but to my purpose. When a Londoner leaves the metropolis, he carries with him ideas of acting not easily realized any where, but at our National Theatres; his eyes are dazzled with the effulgence of talent, his mind bewildered with the galaxy of stars that are ever above the scenic horizon. With such feelings, I left London in January, having night after night, felt with, and for, the sufferings of KEAN'S "*Lear*," my heart beating high with the patriotism of YOUNG'S "*Brutus*," felt warmly the paternal feelings of a father with MACREADY'S "*Virginus*,"

sigh'd with KEMBLE's *Romeo*—laugh'd till I nearly cry'd with MUNDEN, HARLEY, and the host of comic talent; in short enjoying all the luxury of good acting. With such feelings I say, I left London, and landed from one of the Aberdeen Smacks in the Northern capital of Scotland—too much in love with good acting to be an unprejudiced critic amongst our provincial actors. However, with all my prejudice, I must acknowledge that I never met with a better company out of London in my life; whether Comedy, Tragedy, or Opera, all was done, not barely respectable, but well. A Mr. MEGGOT, a Professor of Elocution at the College of Aberdeen, was the principal tragedian, a man possessing every advantage, both physical and intellectual for an actor, and one who would hold, if in London, a rank amongst our first rate performers. A Mr. GORDON was the chief comedian, an actor combining a most gentlemanly demeanour, with a strict conception of characters. The low comedian a Mr. WILLIAMS, seemed to have all the talent of his two namesakes at Drury Lane and the Haymarket theatres. However I was gratified with the Aberdeen tragedy and comedy. I was little prepared to be so unexpectedly pleased with the operatic department. The principal parts were divided between Mr. BROUGH, and Mr. WILLIAMSON. The former of these gentlemen, I had before heard at the Haymarket, and think he possesses decidedly the best bass voice on the English Stage. I was agreeably surprised to find him not only an excellent singer, but a very respectable actor. His *Inkle*, and many other parts were highly creditable to his talents, but his *Malcom* in the "*Falls of Clyde*" was a bold and as manly a specimen of melo-dramatic acting as could be witnessed. I was delighted with a song of his which was deservedly encored every time it was sung, called "*The Martial Spirit of Caledonia*," which I am rather surprised has not found its way to England; 'tis an infinitely better song than "*Scots wha ha*." If this article meets the eye of Mr. B. and he is not above taking the advice of an amateur, an older man than himself, he will make *acting* his particular study, for nature has done for him all that nature can do. Of Mr. WILLIAMSON I will say but little, excepting that added to a beautiful

voice, he has a most "elegant brogue," as his countrymen would say. Miss HARGRAM is the only lady I have left myself room to mention, and of her, *had* I room, I could fill a sheet ; she is all that man could wish ; *Melpomene* and *Thalia* seem to dispute which she naturally belongs to. I must conclude Mr. DRAMA, for fear of going beyond the limits prescribed, and should this be approved of, I shall hand you an article on the next theatre I visited, which was Edinburgh.

Yours respectfully,
"PETER PRY."

LUTON THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

March 1st.—This evening, I went to see a miserable strolling company at this place perform "*Therese and Bombastes Furioso* ;" *Carwin* and *Bombastes* Mr. MONTAGUE TREFUSIS!!! All I have to say of this gentleman is, that while performing the former character, he seemed to be studying the latter, and in both he excited (in me) equal laughter Not so the country bumpkins, who had never seen WALLACK or COOPER in the character. *Fontaine* was horribly dressed, and ditto performed, as were most of the other characters.

AN AMATEUR.

ST. ALBAN'S THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

March 10th.—The attraction of the evening was a new melo-drama, and "the splendid *water* romance" of "*Undine*." The name of the new piece was "*The Outcast of Calabria*," and the story was tolerable. It consisted of the adventures of a supposed robber, who through the agency of *Elmira*, a lady of rank at the court of Calabria, is at length found to be the rightful heir to the throne, which had been usurped by the real robber. Accordingly he is restored, and in gratitude makes *Elmira* his bride, and

the piece concludes with a procession in honour of the pair. A Mr. JOLLIFFE was the *Outcast*, and really he looked like a man "all forlorn," and as such, was suited to the character. The usurper was well supported by Mr. THORNE, and his start of surprise and terror, at the discovery of his bad arts was very good. A "young lady" was an impressive heroine, and might serve for inferior characters in melodramas at a Royal Theatre. A humourous peasant, (*Roberto*) a second *Witkin*, was done by a Mr. FORSTER, who attempted to ape KNIGHT, but did not succeed. The closing procession was grand for a country stage.

"*Undine*" went off with eclat, the scenery was tolerable, and the dancing of Miss JOHNSTON in the *Heroine* very good. *Sir Huldbrand* was a worthy lover, and *Kuhleborn* grunted and groaned in excellent style.

15th.—"*Outcast of Calabria*," and "*Is he Jealous*." The new play was performed again with increased approbation, and "*Is He Jealous*" followed, with an excellent *Belmour* and *Charlotte*, in the persons of Mr. THORNE, and the before-mentioned young lady.

"*The Outcast*" promises a long run.

May 1st, 1822.

AN AMATEUR.

NEWCASTLE THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

On the evening of Monday, the 8th of April, LEE's Tragedy of "*Alexander the Great*" was revived at this theatre. The first part of *Alexander*, as represented by Mr. MUDE, was not calculated to exalt the opinions entertained of his histrionic talents. From the beginning to the end his efforts elicited nothing above or below mediocrity—if there was little grossly at war with propriety, there was less to excite that illusion inseparable from our admiration of a chaste and brilliant delineation of character. It is no unfrequent task of the critic, to guard the actor against soaring into rant in animated declamations. There are few dramatic productions however, which give the performer greater latitude in this respect, than LEE's *Alexander*, but with this, Mr. MUDE's conception did not yield accordance. In the banquet scene, after he has slain *Clytus*, in the moment of recollection, when the sudden

and maddening conviction of the baseness of the bloody deed, rushes on him, when rage and phrenzy fill his soul, when the fury of passion seems to have reached its *acmé*, Mr. M. appeared quite collected, and seemed to think a moralizing soliloquy tone very appropriate. In *Statira*, Mrs. POPE evinced considerable ability. Her conception of the character was unexceptionable; but when we have added to this, her carriage and demeanour possessed all the majestic dignity of "a princess born;" we have said all her performance deserved. If she would trust more to her conception and attempt less, her efforts would be more successful, but when she aims at showing an expression in her face, which she does not feel, and feel strongly too, the impression on the audience will be generally the very contrary of what is intended. A singular proof of this was exhibited in the scene where she is assailed by *Roxana*. While her rival was engaged with this tirade, *Statira's* countenance was undergoing greater revolutions than Mr. KEAN'S ever did in the part of *Gloster* before he stabs *Henry IV*. The violence of the expression, where so little expression was required, was quite ludicrous. Though the frequenters of the gallery in the theatre, are by no means distinguished always by good taste, yet it has been truly observed.

"Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright," and Mrs. P. must have felt that their judgment was decisively against her on this occasion. To produce a powerful sensation in the audience, to excite their sympathy, the expression should be such as may be seen in nature—it should seem to be involuntary, for where design appears, the illusion ceases. Mr. NEVILLE'S *Clytus* was a very creditable piece of acting. Indeed I question if there is a performer on the stage that could have surpassed him in the spirit, point, and bitterness of sarcasm in the banquet scene. His mode of dying, however, like many other great men, was unworthy of his manner of living. How few men know how to die well!—"Blue Beard" followed, and was chiefly remarkable for its presenting us with Mr. YOUNG (who is an actor above mediocrity) in the character of *Abomelique*. Of his performance I shall only observe that it seemed to show that the part was either much above or beneath him.

He should recollect that the proper ambition of a player is not to be seen in the part acted, but in acting well the part, be it humble or exalted. A Miss HALFORD appeared in *Fatima*, as she does in all characters of the same class, with no other qualification that I can discover than the managers desire, and her own inclination. *Irene* was represented by a Miss TURNER, who sings prettily, with *naïveté* and propriety, which showed her capable of better things. On the night of Friday, the 12th instant, the interesting comedy of "*Town and Country*" was enacted; the part of *Reuben Glenroy* fell to Mr. MUDE of course. His performance on the whole did him honour, though it was by no means of that equable "nature," where the parts seem naturally so interwoven with each other, that they cannot be separated without disadvantage. In the early passages, he showed too much of that polish peculiar to fashionable society, when the reverse is the distinction of the character; when it is the roughness of his manners united with strong sensibility, the clinging to naked unsophisticated virtue, in despite of the usages of the world, which rivets the attention and interests, and compels our sympathy. I was disappointed in the *Mrs. Glenroy* of Mrs. POPE. In her brisk interview with *Reuben*, there was some power evinced, but it was of the description allied to tragedy. In her brighter scenes there was little of the spirit and gaiety of genteel comedy, and her attempts at pleasantry were not unfrequently forced, constrained, and unnatural. The *Rosalie Somers* of Miss HALFORD, was such as might have been expected, and gives as little pleasure in the describing as in the seeing. I am sorry the manager should seem to think differently. Mr. BUTLER's *Hawbuck* had considerable merit, and derived its chief value from the vacancy of his look, and drawling simplicity of his tones. Mr. CARTER, who is always respectable in genteel comedy was very creditable in *Plastic*. There was however more real nature, with much less pretension in the *Mrs. Moreen*, of Mrs. KENNEDY. This lady, though considerably advanced in years, still preserves her intellectual powers in health and vigour, and if she differs from other representations of old women, it is only because with them a manner and tone is assumed which with her is involuntary and beyond

the power of imitation. After the play, a Mr. GEORGE WILSON, the Blackheath Pedestrian, walked on the stage half a mile by admeasurement, in six minutes and a half. "*Hops and steps*" succeeded, and introduced Mr. DE CAMP, (the manager) in *Boquit*. This is said to be in his peculiar forte, but on this occasion at least, he "*o'erstept* the modesty of nature."

On Monday, the 22nd of April, SHAKSPEARE's justly admired tragedy of "*King Lear*," was enacted at this Theatre. Mr. YOUNGE, in the character of *Lear*, evinced histrionic talent of no ordinary description. The growing anger of the aged and choleric monarch—the sudden and impetuous torrents of passion—the fearful curses on his cruel daughters, were given with an earnestness and truth to nature seldom equalled on any stage. His delineation throughout showed a perfect conception of the part, and though occasional fault might be found with the execution, the blemishes tended rather to raise the brightness of other passages, than to destroy the general impression of the performance. His expression of surprise at the reproof of *Goneril*, when he even doubts his own identity, was singularly effective. His description of her conduct to *Regan*,—his appeal to heaven—and in particular his delivery of the words:—

"You think I'll weep ;

No, I'll not weep.—

I have full cause of weeping: but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or ere I'll weep.

Oh God ! I shall go mad !"

were all expressed with a feeling and pathos that found a responsive chord in the breast of every auditor. When he appears also in Scene IV. Act IV. with a crown of straw, the words, "A mouse, a mouse," were given in a most touching manner. But it is needless to enter into further particulars. One situation I must mention, where much might have been, though by Mr. YOUNGE little was effected. I allude to the interview in the forest with *Edgar*. The words, "What is the cause of thunder?" should be delivered with an anxiety and apparent earnestness, but on the

present occasion, they betrayed and unconsciousness. Mrs. POPP's *Cordelia* was a piece of exquisite acting, and it would be difficult to say which was of more value—her meeting with *Edgar* in his disguise, or in the passage where she is recognised by *Lear*. Mr. MUDE's performance of *Edgar* is, for the most part, deserving of commendation.—His fine person and countenance appeared to great advantage while he stood forth "rich *Glo'ster's* heir." In the "*Maniac*" he evinced occasionally considerable power—and in particular, in the meeting with *Cordelia*; but his tones were at intervals high, where the sense required them to be scarce audible, and the appeals to charity were not always given in the moving strain the character obviously requires. The "*Castle of Olival*," was the afterpiece, and went off with great eclat.

On Friday, the 3rd of May, and the last night of performing this season, the Comedy of the "*Blind Bargain*," was represented. The part of *Sir Andrew Analyse* was sustained by Mr. CARTER, not always with the consciousness that *Sir Andrew* is a man stricken in years, but at intervals with some point and humour. The character abounds with facetious and striking definitions calculated to call down thunder from the gods. We would further whisper Mr. C. that two sheets of paper, with a blue cover, form but a sorry representative of a bulky manuscript dictionary from which ample and frequent quotations are made. Mr. BUTLER's *Giles Woodbine* was respectable, for the most part, in the light passages, and more than respectable in the pathetic. Indeed, in some points, he reminded me strongly of EMERY. The performance of Miss INGLEBY, in *Mrs. Villars*, was creditable for so young an actress; I mean young upon the stage. The entertainments concluded with the farce of "*Monsieur Tonson*," taken from the comic tale of that name, and presented us with a great treat in Mr. DE CAMP's *Monsieur Morblicu, Grand Peruquier en Militaire, coiffeur en general, ci-devant Chevalier St. Louis, et General de Division*. This is the kind of character in which he delights, and to do him justice, I do not think he is equalled in it on the stage. His characteristic shrug, *gaieté de cœur, manière*, and French accent, give him a decided superiority over the ordinary performers

who attempt these parts. Mrs. KENNEDY'S *La Marquis Bellegarde* was also in good taste. After the play, Mr. DE CAMP, as manager, came forward, and thanked the numerous and fashionable audience for their patronage, lamented that the season had not been more productive than it had been, but expressed his determination to persevere to the last in endeavouring to deserve their support whatever might be his success. He stated that he had taken the Chester and Sheffield theatres, and was in treaty for another, and when that was completed, he trusted he would be enabled to engage a company to give universal satisfaction. He concluded by returning thanks to the audience for himself and his brother actors.

I am yours, &c.

Newcastle, 14th April, 1822.

DRAMATICUS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MATHEWS'S Exhibition goes on successfully. It has all the principal merits of his former performances; it is ingenious, varied, and characteristic. A vast quantity of humorous recollection is crowded into this long soliloquy; puns and pleasantries are pressed into close contact, and men and manners are set before us in clear and vigorous illustration.

The course of his evening has been already told, but it would be more difficult to give a correct impression of the actor's adroitness. His ablest efforts undoubtedly are those in which he paints from life. His stories are not always amusing, nor always new. He abounds in old memorandums, which have unfortunately passed through many hands. He is the most dexterous of disguisers, but he cannot extinguish the memories of all other men, and there will occasionally obtrude a comfortless sensation of having already heard the story, and been delighted twenty years ago with the wit which it would be so much more delightful to believe the produce of the last six months, unbreathed upon till MATHEWS shook its blossoms, "diffusing fragrance wide" in the English Opera House. But it is in his traditionary pictures of public men, or of those way-

ward individuals whose theatrical life nourished the extravagant and headlong propensities which had flung them upon the public, that he excels. His MACKLIN has a force almost amounting to a proof that the picture is true. The sullen civility of the old man, the capability of being still flattered, the indulgence in being stirred up to a memory of old times and triumphs, the insolence of his capricious nature bursting out through the feebleness of mind and body, his easy contempt of all present ability, and his angry jealousy of all past, formed a character powerful, grotesque and probable. This we look upon as the most fortunate exertion of the night. His sketch of SUETT is extremely lively, and the story of *Lollypop Smith* added wisdom to his mirth, by conveying the obvious moral that it is rather dangerous to have any thing to do, good or evil, with wags of the theatre. The description of COOKE's intoxication is excellent, except that COOKE, who was not a Scotchman, would not speak *Scotch* in his cups, merely because he had played *Sir Archy Macsarcasm* in his soberness. The dialogue is well conceived, and well recited. Has MATHEWS ever heard the dialogue *en caractere* between COOKE and KEMBLE, discussing each other's merits, and interchanging cautions against snuff and wine? His public men off the stage are not so successful. Theatrical foibles are so peculiar, so palpable in shape, and so frequently brought before the eye, that they become the simplest, as they are the most allowable objects of imitation. MATHEWS saw WILKES but once, and his likeness naturally consists chiefly in his squint, his whip, and his red gown. He saw CURRAN more frequently, but he must have seen him under those disadvantages of low spirits or capricious humours which sometimes clouded the wit, and caricatured the admirable qualities of one of the most peculiar, original, and brilliant intellects of modern times. MATHEWS's imitation of CURRAN is a pen and ink drawing of a subject that would have borne the colouring of a literary RUBENS. Nothing could be more spontaneous, vivid, and new, than CURRAN's conversation, full of happy combinations of thought, full of delightful uses of language, exuberant in classical allusion, and invigorated by a great quantity of all such knowledge as becomes the possession

of a mind that lets nothing pass it without tribute. He had in his better days of wit none of that restless and toilsome sparkling which seems ground out of the mind; his furnace was not sustained by the breath of machinery; but if there ever was a man in whom wit was kindled without effort, and played and shone with the simplicity and the splendour of lightning, that man was CURRAN. He had his intervals of depression and his efforts of irregular taste. but in his more auspicious periods he had no rival; MATHEWS, unfortunately, gave a specimen of his eloquence, one of those exaggerated and glaring passages by which his oratorical fame was depreciated by men of judgment; and the ill-luck of the selection was augmented by the ill-luck of the delivery. CURRAN was one of the most animated of speakers of the Bar. His words followed with all the rapidity consistent with distinctness, and his gesture was incessant, sometimes at variance with all grace, but often powerfully assisting the effect of his language. This, however, was transmitted by MATHEWS with the affected gravity of the Tabernacle. His drunken gentleman, giving the history of his stewardship, is very amusing. The last act is ingenious, but it has the irredeemable fault of wearying the audience; and, with the exception of the drunken steward, it might be advantageously omitted.

On Tuesday, May 21st, Mr. M. gave his entertainment as a *mite* to the very laudable subscriptions raising for Ireland. After his imitation of CURRAN, he addressed the audience as follows:—

“While I am upon the subject of Ireland, I must be under the necessity of regretting that the humble endeavour in giving my entertainment in aid of the liberal subscriptions for the distressed peasantry of that country, should not have proved to *my feeling* quite successful; I wish there had been a fuller audience than I had ever seen on my nights *At Home*. I should have sincerely desired that it had been the *best* house instead of the *worst*, during the many evenings I have had the honour of making you merry *here*.

“I am convinced that the public will take the *will* for the *deed*, and it gives me some gratification, that though the numbers of the audience have unfortunately decreased, the laughter has not been *diminished* in proportion.”

TOWN TALK, No. V.

Mr. BENNETT is the demoniac hero in "*The Vampire*," at the Bath theatre. The Bath Herald gives him credit for excellent acting in this piece, and adds, "We hope he will excuse our pointing out a little superfluity in his dress, we allude to his unmerciful plume of feathers; Mr. BENNETT's face and features are small, and are consequently nearly obscured by the article in question—it forcibly reminded us (divested of course of its personal allusion) of that well-known couplet—

"To wear a white feather is many a man's doom;
But what of *one* feather—our BEN. wears a *plume*!"

AMERICAN STAGE.—The following notice presents a view of the establishment of the new theatre of New York in the month of November last:—

NEW THEATRE.

Second night of Mr. PHILLIPP's Engagement.

This Evening will be presented the Comic Opera of "GUY MANNERING; or, *The Gipsy's Prophecy*."

Henry Bertram, Mr. PHILLIPPS, in which character he will introduce the following songs:—"Thine am I," a cavatina, composed by WHITAKER—"Oh, in the still night!" from MOORE's National Melodies—"The Bard's Legacy," from MOORE and Sir J. STEVENSON's Irish Melodies—the Scotch Melody of BRUCE's Address to his Soldiers, "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*;" *Dirk Hatteraich*, Mr. SIMPSON, *Julia Mannering*, Miss JONSON, *Lucy Bertram*, Mrs. HOLMEN, in which character she will sing "*Rest thee Babe*," composed by BISHOP; the recitation and bravura of "*No, never, no*," from the opera of "*John of Paris*," and the favourite song "*Young Love*," from the opera of "*M. P.*"

In act two the duet of "*Without a companion, what's Life but a Heath*," and "*The Gipsy's Gle*."

To which will be added, the farce of "*Lock and Key*" *Old Brummagem*, Mr. BARNES; *Captain Cheerly*, Mr. KENT, in which character, in addition to the songs of the piece, he will sing the favourite song of "*The Thorn*;" *Ralph*, Mr. COWELL, with the comic song of "*What awoman is like?*" *Laura*, Miss JONES; *Fanny*, Miss JOHNSON. Saturday, "*Virgin of the Sun*," and "*Love's Dream*."

The opera of the "*Barber of Seville*," is in rehearsal, and will speedily be produced.

Mrs. GIBBS performing the other evening the character of *Miss Sterling* in the "*Clandestine Marriage*," convulsed the house with laughter by an unintentional *bull*, exclaiming, when *Betty*, locking the chamber door of *Fanny* where *Sir John Melville* is supposed to be shut up with her, hurries off with a declaration, that she would "die sooner than peach,"—"see there, if she has not locked the key, and gone off with the door in her pocket."

A very valuable and elegant gold watch, with a sum adequate to the purchase of a corresponding chain, &c. produced by a subscription from the inhabitants of Bury, and its neighbourhood, was lately transmitted to Mr. FREDERICK VINING, late of the Norwich Theatre, and now of the Bath company, in testimony of his merits as an actor and a man.

It was reported soon after Mr. KEAN's return from America, that he had given offence to the people of New York. This report is unfounded, and as a proof to the contrary, several gentlemen of the highest respectability have recently sent to him two very elegant silver cups, richly gilt, in testimony of their admiration of his talents, and approbation of his private conduct.

Mr. JOHN JOHNSTONE, the celebrated comedian, has been sworn in one of his Majesty's Hon. Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. The situation is obtained by purchase, and immediately previous to the Coronation, one was sold for 1,000*l*.

It is mentioned in the Green-room, that the story of the *Black Dwarf* has been made the foundation of a Drama, by Mr. HORACE TWISS, from whose pen an interesting production may be anticipated.

A short time ago, a serious disturbance occurred in the

Sunderland Theatre. The performances of the evening were by desire of the members of the King and Constitution Club. At the conclusion of the play, "God save the King," being called for, the storm commenced. The national anthem was received with the yells of the disaffected, and a most desperate attack was made upon the performers and the occupiers of the boxes and pit by persons in the gallery. The seats were torn up, and, together with stones and brickbats, were thrown upon the stage, and among the audience below. Mr. DEARLOVE, an actor, was seriously wounded in the leg—a musician in the orchestra was felled to the ground, and a soldier of the 7th fusileers was severely cut about the head. At length some constables made their way into the gallery, and secured the most active of the rioters, one of whom has been committed to Durham gaol, and several others have been ordered to find bail for their appearances at the ensuing Assizes.

END OF VOL II.